Saturday Night

March 13, 1954 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

There is an air of almost frantic urgency about the way the Russian leaders are trying to straighten out what is obviously a serious agricultural situation in the Soviet Union. In the exhortations being broadcast by Moscow Radio, in newspaper editorials, in the directives issued by the Ministry of Agriculture, in the speeches and actions of members of the Politburo, in the whole official attitude towards the job of producing food, there is the same strident note of appeal: there must be more bread, more meat, more vegetables, more fish for the plates of Russia.

The appeal is strong enough to suggest that during the next several months, with the burden of a long, bitter winter buckling the shoddy structure of collectivization, what is now a serious situation could become a critical one. In his article in last week's issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, Willson Woodside clearly described what has led up to the present condition of Soviet agriculture and what is being done to improve it; there is no need to repeat the details at this time but only to recall the volume of evidence pointing to Russian difficulties.

In the meantime, agricul-

Donald McKague

PREMIER LESLIE FROST: An aura of confidence. *(Page 3)*

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Coro JEWELLERY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

tural products of many kinds are piling up in the United States. At last count they were worth almost $6,500 million, and, as Joseph and Stewart Alsop reported from Washington a little while ago: "The government has such mountains of stuff owned or on loan that there is already, in many areas of this huge country, no longer any place to put the stuff. . . (Agriculture Secretary) Benson has arranged for the demothballing of 125 World War II tankers for storage, and he is dickering for a number of disused air force hangars. He is even considering renting some of the empty motion picture theatres forced out of business by television competition." Most of that great hoard will not be sold or consumed, unless it is given away; it will go to waste.

Any fool can tell another person how to spend his money, and goodness knows, the United States has been plagued in recent years as much with unwanted advice as with farm surpluses. Still, what a tremendous effect there would be on world opinion if the United States offered a huge gift of food to the Soviet Union at this time!

It may sound fantastic, and there would be a justified howl from American consumers who must pay high prices for their own butter, bread and other "supported" foodstuffs, but at the same time the impact on world opinion would be tremendous, no matter what the reaction of the Russians might be.

There would be little likelihood of the Soviet leaders accepting the offer. If they did, of course, it could have even more startling results—as long as the Russian people knew where the food came from. In any event, news of the offer could be published far and wide, by printed and spoken word, and everywhere people would know the strength of the American desire for a peaceful world.

The Front Page

Town Planner

WHEN WE READ how John S. Galbraith, civil engineer and town planner, would do a major job of surgery on Toronto, we wondered just how a person goes about such a task. Where does he start and how does he decide what should go and what should stay? To satisfy our curiosity, we visited Mr. Galbraith and put the questions to him.

"I look at a city as I would have it planned," he said. "I first see it as a physical object, commercial, industrial and residential buildings connected by roads and services. Then I consider the human aspect, the families, groups and individuals who require jobs, homes and happiness. I ask myself a question: is the physical environment shaped to bring out the best in people? The answer invariably is, no. The reason is that there has been too much project planning and not enough attention paid to the general scheme of things. Cities are growing outward and leaving their centres to rot. Why not rebuild the old and first grow upward before outward? Not everybody wants to live on the fringe, but too many people are forced to. Then more roads must be built to carry the traffic into town, and the most valuable land in the city is wasted on parking."

A sweeping gesture took in all the maps lying about. "Let us streamline our cities," he said. "Build apartment blocks of 14 storeys in man-made parkland and near the city centres. The small individual dwellings should be left to the outskirts and served by efficient commuter services. Parking must go underground and commercial buildings must reach towards the sky. Of course, it needs money. It needs investment by government and private enterprise. There is a large return, however, for cities which plan inside as well as out."

Mr. Galbraith, who has had a hand in the development plans of a great many Canadian municipalities and in the organization of provincial and local planning boards, has been a builder as well as a planner, constructing a variety of things from houses to roads. Summing up for us, he said, "The basic factor is to make the best use of the land in order to make life convenient and secure for the people." His own home? A roomy apartment, convenient to downtown Toronto.

JOHN S. GALBRAITH: The best use of land.

Postal Troubles

IN CASE Postmaster-General Côté is miffed by the harsh things said about him and his department since the news about plans to increase postal rates, we hasten to draw his attention to the fact that Postmasters-General seldom win popularity prizes and that his counterparts in the U.K. and the U.S. are also having a rough time of it. In the United States it's also a matter of a rate boost, but in Britain the bleak-eyed critics are concentrating on the telegraph services, which come under the General Post Office. It was to soothe these critics that the GPO recently issued this instruction: "In order to provide satisfactory telegraph services as economically as possible, it is essential to arrange that the numbers of staff available at all times shall conform as closely as practicable to the estimated number required to perform the work." We suggest that Postmaster-General Côté set his public relations men to work forthwith on the production of as limpid a bit of prose as that; it could not help but take people's minds off the boost in mail rates.

Easy Laughter

JOHN CROSBY, who keeps an eye on television and an ear to radio for the New York *Herald-Tribune*, has expressed alarm at the low state to which American humor has been brought by the pitiful readiness of audiences to guffaw. All a comedian has to do, he notes sombrely, is to mention Brooklyn or Topeka or Pismo Beach or some such place and the audience immediately becomes convulsed, as if wit sparkled in the name itself. English critics have been saying the same sort of thing recently about audiences in their part of the world; one of them made the gloomy notation the other day that comedians could replace all their jokes with the one phrase, "Big 'ead", which apparently is enough to roll 'em in the aisles at any time. Then we remembered that Jack Point, in the *Yeomen of the Guard*, had said, "An accepted wit has but to say 'pass the mustard' and everyone roars their ribs out". Can it be that for large numbers of people there has always been so little to laugh about that they will forever clutch at even the shadow of fun?

Hockey Tourists

CLARENCE CAMPBELL, President of the National Hockey League, could only have been joking when he was quoted as saying that it would be too big a risk to send a Canadian hockey team to Russia for a series of exhibition games because "they might keep the team behind the Iron Curtain". Even as a joke, however, it was a pretty silly response to the suggestion of a Russian sports official that Canada send a team "with a first-class reputation", preferably Toronto Maple Leafs or Montreal Canadiens, on a tour of the Soviet Union.

There happens to be an excellent reason why it would be poor business to pit a team of Canadian professionals against the clubs in Europe, in the Soviet Union or anywhere else. Apart from the obvious difference in ability, there is the matter of style of play. There have been tremendous outcries in Europe at the rough play of even the nonentities sent over by Canada to compete in various tournaments; one shudders to think what the reaction would be to the play of the bone-crushing experts at the game.

On the other hand, a series of exhibition contests in Europe between two such teams as the Maple Leafs and Canadiens could do a lot of good. The spectators would probably be shocked at the ruggedness of the sport as played by the top performers, but they would at least get an idea of the speed and skill possible in the game—and of the vast gulf that in Canada separates the top-flight clubs from the "representative" teams we send to the tournaments in Europe.

A Sure Touch

THE HON. Leslie Miscampbell Frost, QC, Premier of Ontario, will never win fame as an orator, but he has a more valuable political gift, that of inspiring trust. This, combined with an unimpeachable record in the Provincial Legislature and an instinctive ability to talk the language of his Province, from Bay Street to Biscotasing, puts him in a class with Louis St. Laurent as his party's biggest vote-getting asset. For this reason, many Conservatives have felt that he could be the man to lead them out of the wilderness in which the national party has wandered for two decades, but he has disclaimed any federal ambitions and has insisted that his only wish is to "do a good job for Ontario"—a sentiment that does him no harm at all in a provincial election.

His apparent lack of interest in the bright bauble of national leadership may be the result of a continuing loyalty to George Drew, under whom he served as financial critic when the Conservatives were in Opposition in Ontario and as Provincial Treasurer and Minister of Mines when Drew led the party to power. In last year's federal election, however, Mr. Frost and his senior officers showed no great desire to put the whole weight of their powerful provincial organization behind Mr. Drew's drive to capture seats in Ontario. It is quite possible, of course, that Mr. Frost simply did not want to take the chance of committing his forces to a battle that was already lost.

Meanwhile, he continues to handle provincial affairs with a sure touch. The closest he has come to serious trouble is the current fuss about the

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handling of road contracts in the Fort William area, but there seems to be little chance that the Opposition will be able to take any real advantage of it. The investigation was started in the first place by the Provincial Government, a special investigator was appointed and machinery of prosecution set in motion. The Opposition, bewildered by the clean precision of the Frost moves, has blundered about in such fashion that by the time the investigation is all over, it is likely that the Government will emerge with no loss of prestige.

An effective Frost tactic is to let his opponents talk themselves to political death. It won him a tremendous victory in the 1952 election and it could happen again. For example, Albert Wren, MPP for Kenora and an aspirant to the Liberal leadership, recently suggested that liquor permits were silly and that beer should be sold in grocery stores; a reasonable suggestion, yet not one that will win many votes in hard-drinking but dry-thinking Ontario.

Today's Gnus

SOUTH AFRICA now allows hunters to shoot twice as many gnus as formerly. "Succumbing to an irresistible temptation," the Edmonton *Journal* observes, "we note that this is bad news for the gnus." The Peterborough *Examiner* follows this up by suggesting that no gnus is good gnus. Perhaps it is time to revive the old *New Yorker* cartoon, which covered a page with drawings of scores of gnus and bore the caption, "All the gnus that's fit to print". All of which goes to show that if you give a newspaperman enough rope, he'll tie his own gnus.

McCarthy in Canada?

A RUMOR that John H. Blackmore, the Social Credit MP for Lethbridge, was hoping to get Senator Joseph McCarthy to address a public meeting in Toronto sent us scurrying to a telephone to get the truth of the matter from Mr. Blackmore himself, and to make sure we got it straight, we arranged for the conversation to be recorded on tape. Here are some of the things we learnt.

Did he have a plan to have Senator McCarthy speak here? "No, I had nothing of the kind. I know a group of people were working, but I had nothing in the world to do with it, but the point is that there are people all over the country who are deeply concerned about this matter. . . Since there is so much antipathy built up, lying antipathy, based on lies about McCarthy, I think it is better to have Jenner or Velde come up and talk about the dangers they've come into."

Did he think Canada should have a committee to investigate Communism? Yes, an investigation would be a good thing. "We'd want one of our judges, you know, Supreme Court judges. We'd want the thing done in a thoroughly dignified Canadian way, you know. I'm not implying that they're not dignified down there, but our methods of doing things like that are the Parliamentary Committee and the Royal Commission. . . I think the investigations should be right in Ottawa, in our own Parliament, in the regular parliamentary way, everything open and above board. Where it's necessary to go into camera, well, go into camera, and wherever there is a danger of hurting a person permanently, why go into camera and do everything. . . I'd have a Royal Commission. I'd really like to see the Chief Justice of Canada or someone like that they could all trust, as being completely beyond and above any kind of influence. I'd like to see him name the commission."

Was there much support in Parliament for naming such a commission? "No, not as far as I know." Supporters? "Oh, yes, but they wouldn't want their names mentioned. You see, they are all mortally afraid of being assailed as I've been assailed. There has evidently been a campaign to intimidate Parliament, you see. The kind of outbursts that have been made against me, the scandalous things that have been said, why they're just a disgrace. They're just an attempt to deny a man's freedom of speech. . . It may be an organization that is behind it. I don't know who they are, but you take the things that appeared in the Windsor *Daily Star*, for example, the Toronto *Globe and Mail*, and even the recent one in the Toronto *Daily Star*. Every one of the attacks I've made has been followed by one of these things. Take the Calgary *Herald's* leading editorial of January 22—a standing disgrace to Canada."

Did he have any newspaper support? "Not as far as I know. I suppose I just get the adverse ones. Well, there has been some indirect support. The Edmonton *Journal* published a fine editorial. . . It gave a very fine realistic treatment of the work of the McCarthy committee, and our own handling of people accused in the Gouzenko case—all to our disadvantage, you know. . . Then Pat Waldring in the *Western Producer* had a fine one on December 10, in which he shows the complete knowledge of the situation and points out that there isn't anything against McCarthy, and the Ottawa *Journal* in the Spring, before it turned its color the way it has done . . . had a very fine objective article."

Was Canada not being properly protected from the activities of Communists? "You see, the serious fallacy that our Canadian people are laboring under is the idea that the RCMP can take care of it. Well, the RCMP just about corresponds to the FBI . . . and if they're as effective as the FBI, that's pretty good, isn't it? . . . But they can't take any action and they can't force the Government to. Why, the RCMP might have a file on 60,000 Communists in Canada and it might include Cabinet ministers and every other kind of people. Yet they couldn't do a single thing, not a thing. . . The action would have to be taken by the Minister of Justice. . . If he hasn't got a sufficiently detailed file on somebody to justify taking action, then it indicates that the Mounted Police are very ineffective, or else have very few free from Communism".

Did he know if the members of the Commons were interested in putting pressure on the Government to act against Communists? "Well, no. There are reasons why. In the first place, when I spoke on McCarthy, I was absolutely, well, appalled is almost the word, at the attitude which the members took. The Liberals and the CCF did what they could to bellow me down." Did he think they disliked McCarthy more than the Communists? "I suppose they'd been sold. They'd been sold on either that or they don't want investigation of Communists."

Did he think that the newspapermen and all the others were pro-Communists? "Well, I don't see how on earth they can be anything else. They may be innocent pro-Communists, you know." Did he know that the Communist share of the Federal vote was about one per cent? "It may be that the Communist vote is only one per cent, but there's a tremendous amount of Communist money around. . . We've got men in Canada who are very sympathetic with Communism, who have made their money in Canada. . . I have an article by A. K. Chesterton over in Britain in the British publication called *Truth*, and this man names a man, a man very prominent in Canada, whom he calls 'the paymaster of the Communist forces'. I wouldn't like to quote it, because it's so easy to do the very thing they're trying to accuse McCarthy of. You see, if I name a certain man, even although I have any amount of evidence that is true, it isn't the proper thing for a man in my position to name that man. . . You'll realize now, I don't want to name a name. I could name a name right off. I know who he is, where he is and what he is doing and all the rest of it, but you see that's what a committee would do. I'd start with him."

And without naming names, you now know as much as we do about Mr. Blackmore's opinions on Communism, McCarthyism and so on.

Rapid Grip & Batten

SENATOR J. McCARTHY

CP

JOHN H. BLACKMORE, MP.

"Better to have Jenner or Velde come up and talk".

Verbatim Reports

THE INTERVIEW with Mr. Blackmore was, as we pointed out, recorded on tape to ensure an accurate transcription. While the use of the tape-recorder is fairly new as a technique of journalism, it cannot help but gain favor, if only in the interests of accuracy. It is being relied on a great deal in the United States now, but not, so far as we know, in Canada. Here at SATURDAY NIGHT we plan on using it frequently to bring our readers reports of what the people who make the news have to say for themselves—in their own words.

A New Routine

IT IS DIFFICULT, these days, to avoid the subject of dieting. Even if one can ignore the broadcasts and newspaper articles that daily clamor for the attention of the obese, one cannot be deaf to the plaintive cries of friends and relations going through the painful process of removing the fat that was so pleasantly acquired. Indeed, the dieters seem to relish discussion of their sufferings and are pitifully grateful for any hints about new and more terrible forms of dietary masochism. Therefore we consider it a humanitarian duty to pass on this bit of advice, unnerving as it is, which appeared in a Toronto newspaper recently:

"You must realize that when you reduce with diet alone and no exercise, you will simply turn out to be smaller—smaller in the hands. Lift your legs off of the floor with stiff knees and roll from side to side, catching yourself with both hands at the end of each roll."

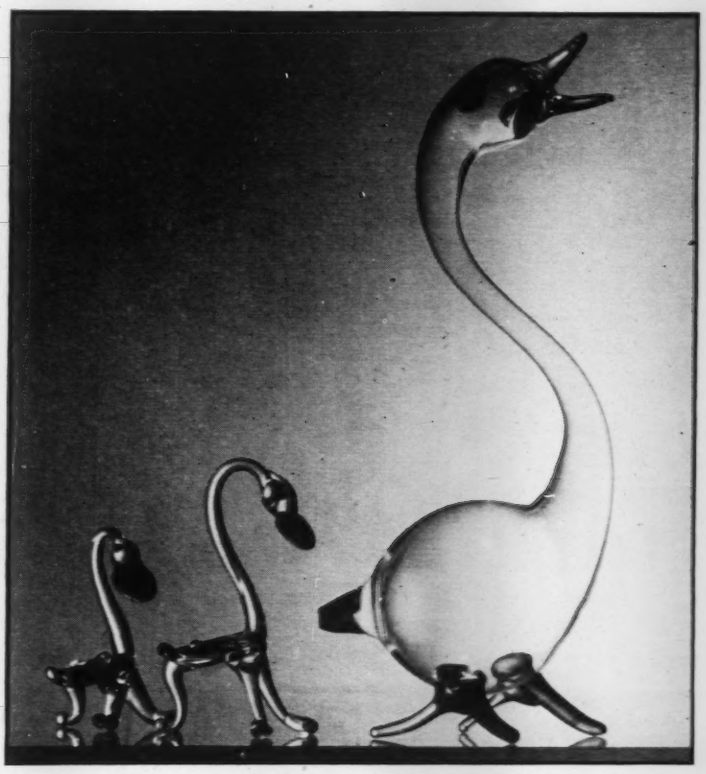
It is our fervent hope that this advice will be heeded; for once, an expert on reducing has come up with a routine that should be as interesting for the spectator as for the participant.

Photography at the International Salon

Clarity and Tranquillity in Camera Studies

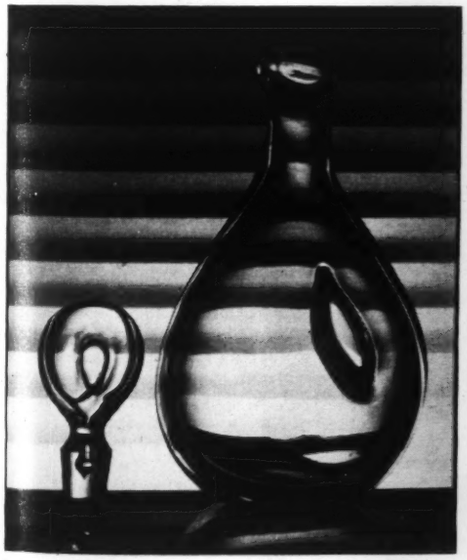
CURTAIN CALL BY PHILIP SOLOMON

The Toronto Camera Club's Sixty-Second International Salon of Photography attracted entries from 22 countries. Of the 950 prints submitted, this study was judged the best for its human interest and superb technique. Philip Solomon is from West Hartford, Connecticut. The committee of selection was Grant Toll of Windsor, Ont., Leon Craig Forgie, APSA, Rochester, NY, and Evelyn Andrus, ARPS, APSA, Toronto.



FAMILY PRIDE BY MOE SEGAL

The humor of the subject and the clarity of the photography combine to make this print of three strutting birds outstanding. Moe Segal, who comes from Montreal, used a gold-tone process for this effect. In this method the print is developed first and then put into a bath containing gold chloride to bring out the rich brown tones. The studies will be on display in Toronto Simpson's Avon House Galleries from March 16 to March 27.



SWEDISH GLASS BY LOWELL MILLER

The contrast of light and shade, the delicate gradation in tone, and the refraction of both light and line make this an unusual print. The effect is achieved by setting the subject on glass and lighting it from below. Lowell Miller, who submitted this sepia study, is from Rochester, NY.

THE TWO PRINCESSES BY FRANCIS WU

This delicate portraiture with its suggestion of studious repose comes from Hong Kong. The triangular composition, the beautiful detail of hands and dress, the framing of the figures by the drapery and furniture and the subtle candle lighting make this a satisfying study.

FIFTH TRANSLATION BY JEAN ELWELL

In spite of its Chinese theme, Fifth Translation is the work of another American, Jean Elwell, of Detroit, Michigan. It is a well-integrated arrangement so skilfully lighted that the background suggests a Chinese bridge. Altogether 113 prints came from abroad, 101 from the United States.

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Simpson's
TORONTO

The World Traveller: Pin-up and Quiz

By ROLAND WILD

THE LATE ERNEST BEVIN once said that his idea of progress was for any Englishman to be able to go to Victoria Station, London, and travel anywhere in the world without an official asking him a single question.

On that basis, how is progress in the world today? How many questions does the traveller answer?

My wife and I have been preparing for a round-the-world tour. Visas were required for Japan, Vietnam, Macao, Thailand, Burma, Afghanistan, Nepal, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Iran, Jordan, Israel, Egypt, and possibly Greece and Turkey. Six months ago we provided ourselves with 24 passport pictures and the addresses of the Legations, and set to work.

The general principle seemed to be that the smaller the country, the longer the forms and the more numerous the questions. There were, however, notable exceptions. The same applied to the prices of visas, which ranged from 42 cents to $10.

After the first replies were received, it was evident that we had grossly underestimated the demand in diplomatic circles for our pictures. We began to sympathize with movie stars. We were, it seemed, destined to be the pin-ups of the Orient. We ordered 24 more portraits, wishing that they could give our public a more flattering view of ourselves.

Afghanistan wanted eight of each of us. I sent four, thinking it impossible that Kabul could find a use for so many. Were our faces to be displayed in Afghan Post Offices? Would there be a frieze of Wilds in a Kandahar bureau?

"Will you kindly send four more pictures to complete your records?" wrote the Royal Afghan Consul in New York. He now has eight.

We got in touch with Indo-China during one of their periods of transition. The French Embassy said all information could be obtained at a French consulate. The consul raised an eyebrow. Eventually it was the new Ambassade du Vietnam in Washington which granted visas for Cambodia, after verification from Saigon, and the visa was finally stamped in Hong Kong.

Portugal came into the picture. The colony of Macao is three hours from Hong Kong and popular with gamblers. The visa for this modest expedition was five Hong Kong dollars—and its extremely decorative design made it well worth the price.

The situation of Israel in the visa business is a commentary on the state of the world. So far as the neighboring Muslim States were concerned, we were not going to Israel at all—not if they knew it. They would not, it seemed, affix their stamp to any passport bearing the mark of the Israel government.

The Canadian and British governments obligingly provide second passports in such circumstances—free and for nothing and endorsed for Israel only. "The document should not be shown to the authorities of the neighboring Arab states," wrote the passport people. We felt, at once, the delicious chill of something illicit.

Israel, on its part, warned that we should enter by Lebanon, but compromised by allowing us one crossing of the Jordan border via the Mandelbaum Gate. We thereupon called on Lebanon to return our pictures and our five dollars each.

The USSR enveloped us with a kind of reverse flattery by their interest. Grandma's name? Grandpa's business? Full details of profession in quintuplicate. A short biography, showing schooling, politics, reason for wishing to go to the USSR. Five pin-ups, please. You been there before? You *have!* What did you write in 1937, and in what paper? Wait, then, and we'll ask Moscow what they think of your pictures.

The Institute of Foreign Affairs in Peking never answered. The British Charge d'Affaires in that city wrote a nice letter which took six weeks airmail. The British Council for the Promotion of International Trade suggested we take a group of 30 or 40 business people with us. The Rev. Mr. Endicott said lots of people couldn't get into Canada, anyway.

We never even got as far as being asked for a picture. We are not going to Peking.

Saudi Arabia wanted eight photos each, three months to consider the matter, sent three folios of regulations, and scrawled a note across the bottom: "No tourist visas".

Burma didn't answer the first letter, and then, as if grudgingly, asked for 42 cents and five pictures to decorate their pagodas. But how admirable is Thailand! "There is no need to fill out a form or send a picture," wrote a gentleman in Vancouver. "Just come along and I'll stamp the passport."

He was as good as his word, and

Pan American World Airways

THE Temple of the Emerald Buddha, Bangkok. The Thai think "the rest of the world is ridiculous. Why can't you travel where you want?"

exhibited a turn of the century viewpoint on the whole question. "The rest of the world is ridiculous," he said. "Why can't you travel where you want? After all, you're white. . ."

Iran and I were in a state of flux, like Vietnam. The Swedish Embassy answered from London, suggesting I find a pen-friend in Teheran before beginning negotiations. "The present policy is to admit only visitors who will be of direct advantage to Iran," the Swedes wrote, brusquely. Then the atmosphere changed. Persia flung open its garden.

Turkey and Greece didn't want a visa at all, or a picture, but we were still nagging at Afghanistan. A Mr. Abdul Razzaq Ziyaee of New York wished us a happy trip, if ever we got there, but had to ask: "Have you been there before?"

Well then, I had. Was it a one-visit country? Was there no Afghan phrase for "Aloha"? Mr. Ziyaee is asking his government in Kabul.

MEANWHILE, we had seen on the map a thin broken line that crossed Afghanistan to Meshed in Iran, where there was an air-service to Teheran. If the road was safe and passable, it might save a thousand miles travel down to Karachi. What of the road? The Afghan Consul didn't know. On an impulse, I wrote to the Automobile Association in London, remembering their admirable route-cards that steer the motorist through the byways of England. ("Veer left at the Blue Boar," they write lyrically. "Sharp right at the church, and in half a mile, bear left and through rolling country to CIRENCESTER.")

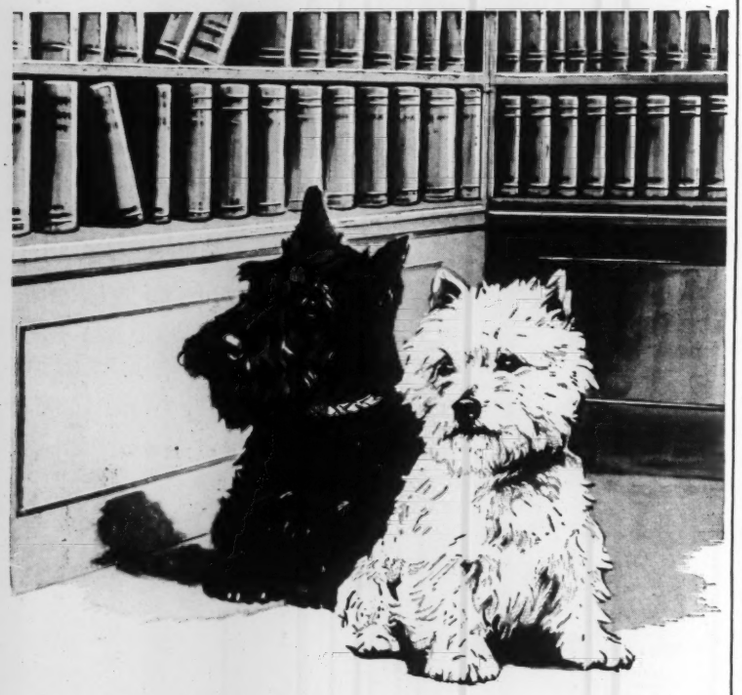
With bland assurance, the AA sent its urbane road instructions for the route from Kabul to Meshed, 800 miles through a "forbidden country". "Pleasant rolling country," they wrote. "Keep left at the mosque of Nasrullah. Road doubtful in wet weather." It was as if the AA member might at any hour be invited to drive out to tea in Afghanistan.

The stock of pictures was running out. The intimate details of grandma had been flung wholesale before the consuls of the Orient. Never before had so many people known so many vital statistics about us—of age, desires, hobbies, marital status, sex, and, of course, unusual physical defects.

We like to think that our pictures stare down from the walls on diplomats in Saigon, Rangoon, Delhi, Kabul, Teheran, Baghdad, Tel Aviv, Cairo, and Amman. And meanwhile the diplomats are pondering the secret dramas of our lives, revealed in quintuplicate.

But there is one omission. Tokyo had not asked us for a single pin-up. Automatically, I sent them four of each; they sent them back.

There was no explanation for this humiliation. But we know the trouble: we look, after all, like every other Occidental.



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Persona Grata

Tass Man

By Edmund Morris

THE ONLY RUSSIAN newspaperman I ever knew well enough to call by his first name sticks in my mind as a very bad Communist. He came from somewhere beyond the Volga and had worked his way through the University of Leningrad by shooting pool in the basement. In Ottawa, where I knew him, he confined his news-gathering to mimeographed reports from the Dominion Bureau of Statistics and excerpts from the prose of Mackenzie King. The cable charge to Moscow for this alleged press copy was, as I remember, eight cents a word. After a while, it was either the cables from Nick or equipment for three Red divisions, and Nick went.

Telling his secrets can do him no harm now: it is inconceivable that the Communists have left him in operation, for he would long ago have wrecked their treasury. His tastes were pure Rockefeller. There was not a proletarian bone in his body. He read all of *The Globe and Mail's* editorials, smoked Jamaican cigars, drank only the Haig & Haig liquor that comes in the dimpled bottles, and changed his suit every day. He rode around town in taxis because he could not abide sitting with the bourgeoisie in the Ottawa and Hull street cars. Every morning, after coffee in the Château Laurier cafeteria, he went up past the Parliament Buildings to a stock broker's office and examined the day's bulls and bears. Brazilian Traction pleased him; it had, he said, the best balance-sheet on the board. He despised stew and habitant green pea soup and gorged himself on soufflé and jellied meats.

Liberalism he regarded as the work of the devil, and socialism even worse. The surest way to kill a good idea, he thought, was to let the government get hold of it. Even public transit he considered wasteful and an unwarranted invasion of private rights, and he always sent his telegrams Canadian Pacific.

He had a passion for solvency, a fairly radical concept for a reporter, and carried this opinion into national affairs. Taxes, he said, should be laid on and kept on until they hurt to make sure the proletariat stayed in its place. No one could run a country, said Nick, with people running around.

He was an ardent advocate of mass hypnosis, especially when institutionalized in Rotary and Kiwanis. All forms of back-slapping appealed to him. He was the happiest and most gregarious reporter I ever met. His eyes had a permanent squint from laughing, and he carried a bottle of bicarbonate of soda which he offered to harassed civil servants on his rounds of government offices. His favorite joke was to conceal a buzzer in his hand whenever he was introduced. At parties, after appropriate lubrication, he would produce a vaudeville moustache from his pocket and do an imitation of Joseph Stalin, or alternatively a pantomime entitled "The Ordination of Cardinal Poof".

The day the Russians blew up the Dnieper Dam, Nick cabled home to *Tass* that Mr. King had spent the afternoon in a back seat in the Elgin Theatre taking a breather from the war. Nick noted in his dispatch that the film was mostly of Betty Grable's legs, which he regarded as two of the outstanding accomplishments of western civilization. The Prime Minister's office raised particular hell, and Nick gave the East Block a wide berth after that.

Looking back, it is a mystery how he ever got a job with *Tass*, and even more of a mystery that they ever let him out of the country. He was everything a good Communist should not be. It came out afterwards, via Gouzenko, that while Nick was immersing himself in capitalism, most of the other Russians were cloak-and-daggering around Ottawa calling each other code names and swapping espionage in the still of the night. How Nick survived as long as he did in ideological isolation is another of those riddles wrapped in mysteries inside Russian enigmas.

One day *Tass* called Nick home to Russia. He went down to Sparks Street and loaded up with $12 shirts and nylon stockings and then convened a party, during which he did his imitation of Stalin, announced that he had never read a word of Karl Marx, and ordained Cardinal Poof. It was a splendid affair, and must have set the Communist treasury back a pretty penny. Then he left.

No one has heard of Nick since. This is probably because of the slow mail service from Siberia.

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Letter from Montreal

A New Tax For Quebec

By Hugh MacLennan

MONTREAL, already the most expensive city in Canada, is going to become still more so, for most of the weight of the new provincial income tax is going to fall on it. Some of the language evoked here by this new tax is unprintable in a family magazine, but when visitors ask us why we put up with it we smile ruefully and tell them that Premier Duplessis has proved once more that he knows precisely what he is doing.

That the Premier was within his constitutional rights in imposing a provincial income tax is unquestionable. He was equally within his rights when he refused to accept federal aid for Quebec's hard-pressed universities. But it took more than mere panache for a public servant to run counter to informed and responsible public opinion and to feel secure while he did so.

However limited may be the Premier's understanding of the rest of Canada, his understanding of his own province is profound, and the park benches of politics are crowded with the slumping forms of the men who have underrated it. A controversial figure always, he has made himself the focus and the expression of emotions and attitudes deep within his people. Maurice Duplessis is more than a mere provincial premier and knows it. In the placid meadow of Canadian politics he stands in a class by himself — passionate, brilliant, impulsive, defiant, ruthless and feared.

Even the jokes told about the Premier highlight the extremely personal character of his regime. As this new income tax has been justified as a necessity for Quebec's higher education, last year's story about the inspector of schools has been revived.

"Qui vous a donné cette belle école?" demanded an inspector of the pupils on the opening day of a new school.

"C'est Maurice, qui donne!" was the chanted answer.

The inspector pointed to the piles of shiny new text books. *"Qui vous a donné ces beaux livres?"*

"C'est Maurice, qui donne!"

The inspector strode to the window and pointed outside. *"Qui vous a donné les arbres — le soleil — la belle rivière la-bas?"*

After a brief silence one small hand went up.

"Oui, mon petit?" said the inspector with an encouraging smile.

"Peut-être — le bon Dieu?"

Before the inspector could correct him, the boys on either side jumped on him, carried him bodily to the door and threw him out. *"Maudit p'tit Rouge!"* they said as they went back to their seats.

How it has come about that Premier Duplessis has reached the position where such jokes are inevitable is the most important single story in Canadian politics since the war. It is a perfect illustration of the old principle that ideas always lag behind events, while emotions lag behind ideas.

Ever since Confederation, the most successful figures in Quebec politics have been those who collaborated with Ottawa. But with the exception of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, none of them received at home the measure of love poured out on men like Henri Bourassa, who dedicated their lives to the defence of the *Canadien* legend, to the comfort of the *Canadien's* chronic feeling of insecurity, to resistance against the pressure of the English-speaking majority which had caused that insecurity.

The Quebec nationalist was an idealist, nor was he as unreasonable as he often sounded. In effect he said

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PREMIER MAURICE DUPLESSIS.

to the rest of us: "Acknowledge yourselves as Canadians, and not as British colonials, and our opposition will cease."

When the rest of Canada took that advice, when English-speaking Canadians from Halifax to Victoria discovered a new, independent delight in Canada as a whole, above all when they began to voice an especial pride and affection for Quebec itself, the nationalist found himself without a policy that made sense to anybody. He had won a victory, but it was a victory which had brought him a humiliating reward. He was in the position of a man who has trained himself to press with all his might against a wall and suddenly discovers the wall is no longer there.

But Quebec's old habit of resistance, the conditioned reflex of responses developed over the years, inevitably lingered long after the other provinces had mended their ways. And Maurice Duplessis, infinitely abler and more practical than Bourassa ever was, himself trained like an athlete to fight for his people against all comers, needed a better target than shadows from the past against which the traditional resistance of Quebec could be directed.

He discovered it in something all too tangible — in sheer material bigness.

What is the biggest bureaucracy, the biggest single business in Canada? The Federal Government, of course. And should Quebec, who in her own eyes has borne so long the heat and burden of the day, acknowledge herself beholden to the Johnnies-come-lately who have just now discovered a truth which has been obvious to the *Québecois* for more than a century?

It is one thing to feel this way; it is quite another to translate such a feeling into practical politics. It is the measure of Maurice Duplessis' political genius that this is precisely what he has done, and on a variety of levels.

To the farmer he appears as a champion of the old rural ways against the cities which entice his sons off the land into the factory; that is why the Premier can fight Catholic labor syndicates without losing the support of the village *curés*. To not a few businessmen, English as well as French, his strong hand has seemed a guarantee against unions, especially American-dominated ones, no less than against undue American or federal exploitation of Quebec's resources. To a people with whom resistance to majorities is a habit of mind, the very violence with which the Premier strikes back at his critics has a certain appeal, for generally his critics are identified with a group alien to the bulk of those who vote for *Union Nationale*.

Now, as a coping stone to his edifice of provincial autonomy, the Premier has insisted on his constitutional right to collect income taxes, regardless of how much extra money it will cost the taxpayer, of how much inconvenience it will bring upon the employer, of how many extra employees will have to be added to the provincial payroll—and few farmers will have to pay the tax anyway! But the money, the Premier insists, is needed. As he passionately declared all along, the universities of Quebec *will* get the assistance they require. But from Quebec, not from Ottawa. *C'est Maurice, qui donne!*

Meanwhile in Montreal one wonders how long this curious, emotional state of affairs is going to last, and people ask each other if life in Montreal is going to be hobbled by double taxation permanently.

This fear, real enough at the moment, is probably unfounded, and for an elementary reason. Though ideas lag behind events, and emotions behind ideas, history would never move at all if the last cars in the train did not eventually reach the points the locomotive has already passed.

That is why it is more important now than it ever was for the rest of Canada to understand the true position of affairs in the key province. In the last cars of the train the conductor punching the tickets is the provincial premier, but up in the cab of the new, streamlined Diesel engine sits another citizen of Quebec, the Prime Minister of Canada itself.

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Lighter Side

Spring Clean-up

By Mary Lowrey Ross

RECENTLY I CLEARED out a number of old newspaper items from my top drawer, and wondered, as I usually do at this time of year, just at what point an editor reaches the decision that no follow-up is necessary; the story is now as dead as Pompeii.

From the editorial point of view the news-item and the people involved in it may indeed be dead as Pompeii, buried under the thick lava-stream of subsequent news. From the reader's point of view, however, they are more like the characters in the enchanted palace when the spell went into effect without warning. There they are, helplessly fixed in suspended animation—the Montreal slasher with his razor still upraised: Mrs. Porfiroo (Rubi) Rubirosa, née Barbara Hutton, off on her honeymoon with that plaster cast perpetually fixed about her ankle; Rita Hayworth's daughter, little Kasmin, forlorn behind nursery bars, and an armed detective guard; the lady who lost her $5,000 mink coat at the National Club (of all places) still transfixed in her attitude of astonishment and shock.

Readers, particularly feminine readers, find this state of things unsatisfactory. Most of the time we feel like soap-opera followers whose radio tube has burned out right at a point of crisis. What *happened* to the Montreal slasher, and do the ladies of Montreal still fear to venture abroad after dark? Is Mrs. Rubirosa's ankle better, and has Miss Zsa Zsa Gabor recovered from the black eye allegedly handed her by Mr. Rubirosa? Is Yasmin at large again?

And while we are on the subject of major theft, has anyone come across that $125,000 bridge missing from the new transcontinental highway? This was definitely not covered by insurance, and the taxpayers would be glad to hear that it had turned up somewhere.

It would be interesting, too, to know whether Mrs. Irene Castle McLaughlin Erzinger really allowed herself to be bitten by a mad dog—"any old mad dog", just to prove that the dogs of Chicago didn't need inoculation. It seems that the former dancer has been bitten by dogs at least three times a week—for twenty-five years, three or four thousand times all told—without any ill effects. It isn't news if a dog bites Mrs. Erzinger, but it's still news if she contracts hydrophobia in a public demonstration. Not a word so far about the rabies experiment, though I've been waiting anxiously. Meanwhile, *gesundheit* Mrs. Erzinger.

I'd like to know, too, what happened finally to the Piltdown Man. Was he sent to the basement of the museum? Or was he bought as a conversation piece by some collector of discredited Piltdown men?

Then, did Mrs. Bobo Rockefeller finally get her $2 million alimony settlement? (I may have missed this.) And if so, was she able to re-possess her repossessed vacuum cleaner?

On a somewhat wider front, what is going on currently in Trieste? For all we have heard about it recently, Trieste might be as peacefully buried as Pompeii itself. No doubt this will be taken care of before long, however, since Trieste can be counted on to explode into the news at any moment, almost like one of the Gabors.

I'd be very much interested to know what became of the great germ-warfare issue. Nobody mentions it any more, not even the Very Reverend Hewlett Johnson. The whole matter seems to have become as uncontroversial and almost as extinct as the late Harry Dexter White. Incidentally, what has become of the Harry Dexter White issue? And while we're on the subject, what has become of the Very Reverend Hewlett Johnson? Or of Mrs. Anna Pauker?

Although it is only a local matter, I'd still like to know what, if anything, has been done about the maple trees that were to line the avenue leading up to the Ontario Provincial Legislature. These were a burning front-page issue some time ago. Now they have ceased to turn up anywhere, even in letters to the editor. It's still a vital issue, however, and one of these days I intend to go down and check the matter myself, without the assistance of the press. Fortunately, spring is close at hand.

On the whole, I am less concerned with the controversies that disappear from the news than with the human figures that turn up, then vanish, sometimes forever: Captain Townsend sorrowfully setting out for his post abroad; Oxford Don A. J. D. Taylor who fell into a silent rage during a television round table discussion and turned his back on the camera; Stuntman Rudolf Schmid, who toured Europe for a year in a big glass bottle; Mrs. Gertrude Riordan of Brisbane, who was swept off her feet at a grade crossing and carried a mile by cow-catcher to the next station; the Toronto prize-fighter who stepped into the ring, took one look at his opponent, and quietly passed out.

I can see all these people quite vividly as they were last transfixed in the news, frozen into immobility, like figures in a film when the mechanism breaks down. I wish someone would start them going again.

Ottawa Letter

Mortgages, Jobs and By-elections

By John A. Stevenson

SOME OBSERVATIONS about the quality of the debates in the first session of our new House of Commons may be apposite. The three oldest parties all seem to have received a reinforcement of vigorous new blood and some of the able young recruits are not disposed to be like shrinking violets beside a mossy stone. Apart from their contributions, there has been a notable improvement in the standard of debate, and for this the stern discipline which Speaker Beaudoin has applied to irrelevant departures from the subject under discussion, deserves some credit. There has been much less discursive droolery about inconsequential matters, a more intelligent discussion of fundamental national problems and a better attempt at analysis of the principles which should govern their solution. It is also unfortunate that the French-speaking members, who form more than one-fourth of the total membership of the House, have so far been singularly backward in their participation in debates.

The House devoted a great deal of time to the revision of the Criminal Code, and Mr. Garson, the Minister of Justice, who has been handling the matter with considerable skill, has wisely facilitated progress by postponing consideration of the controversial sections until those about which there is little difference of opinion have been disposed of.

The continuance of the debate on unemployment produced some interesting speeches, of which 15 were delivered from the opposition benches and only two made by Liberals. All the critics of the Government contended that Ministers were much too lackadaisical about the present volume of unemployment and should bestir themselves in taking active measures for coping with it. The three parties in opposition gave solid support to the CCF sub-amendment demanding immediate action, which was defeated by 129 to 68.

One of the best speeches of this debate came from Owen L. Jones (CCF, Okanagan Boundary), who urged the Government to take a long-range view of the problem. Arguing that technological progress was responsible for a considerable proportion of the present unemployment, he warned that the day was not far distant when we should be compelled to adjust our whole economy to meet the challenge of machine-produced abundance. He predicted that when the atom was fully harnessed to industrial uses, the production of many commodities would become so abundant that a great deal of human labor would become superfluous.

The scheme of the Government for giving an impetus to the building of houses has been making heavy weather in the sessions of the Banking and Commerce committee of the Commons. First of all, Graham Towers, the Governor of the Bank of Canada, made it clear that, while the projected new financial arrangements, under which the chartered banks are being authorized to lend money on housing mortgages, would increase the supply of funds for such mortgages, there would be no limitless abundance of them. Then T. H. Atkinson, the President of the Canadian Bankers' Association, intimated plainly that the banks had an acute distaste for acting as agents of the Government in foreclosures and evictions, when mortgages became in default, and thereby incurring an odium which would impair their present good relations with the public. And J. T. Bryden, President of the Dominion Mortgage and Investments Association, claiming that its members disliked foreclosure proceedings except as a last resort, expressed his dismay over "rigidities" of the plan, which decreed a harsh promptitude in moves for the eviction of defaulters.

These objections from the financial world were mild by comparison with the barrage of sharp criticism levelled at the scheme by the spokesmen of the Trades and Labor Congress and the Canadian Congress of Labor. Their good words for it were few and far between and they refused to give it any kind of benediction, unless both the rate of interest on mortgages and the amount of the initial cash payment required from applicants were lowered. Naturally, their case was championed strongly by the members of the CCF who sit on the committee.

CP

JUSTICE MINISTER GARSON.

D. B. Mansur, the head of the Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation, thought that the CCF's estimate about the state of incomes was too low and that the number of potential beneficiaries of the scheme was much higher. Mr. Winters, the Minister of Public Works, who is the political parent of the scheme, was prepared for the Leftist criticism, but he was obviously pained by the objections of the financiers. It looks as if he will have to make drastic modifications in his scheme, if it is to bear tangible fruit.

The parliamentarians of the two older parties will await with keen interest the outcome of the Federal by-election, which will be held on March 22 in Elgin County, Ontario, a seat with a chequered record of fidelity. A Tory stronghold for 22 years (1904-1926), the redoubtable Mitchell Hepburn brought it into the Liberal camp in 1926, where it stayed until 1945, when Charles Coyle, whose death has caused the by-election, redeemed it for the Progressive Conservatives. In the elections of 1949 and 1953 he beat off strong attacks with fairly comfortable majorities.

As his successor, the Progressive Conservatives have nominated James McBain, a successful stockbreeder who has served as Warden of Elgin County. To oppose him, the Liberals have chosen the Rev. Harry Scott Rodney, the pastor of Knox Presbyterian Church in St. Thomas, who has acquired a considerable reputation outside the bounds of his county as an orator, but professed in his speech of acceptance to be rosily innocent of politics. Both the candidates are comparatively young men, Mr. McBain being 40 and Mr. Rodney 39, and they will not be unfairly matched in the contest as Mr. Rodney's skill as a "spellbinder" will be offset by Mr. McBain's richer experience of politics.

The managers of the two senior parties seem to regard the contest as highly important and they are devoting their electioneering resources vigorously to the campaign. The line taken by the Hon. James Sinclair and other Liberal speakers is that the Government deserves a vote of confidence from Elgin County as the architects of an unparalleled prosperity, but the Progressive Conservatives can produce considerable evidence that this prosperity is now waning. And they have a powerful argument that, in view of the overwhelming majority possessed by the Liberals, it is not in the broad national interest to weaken the opposition.

The loss of the seat would be a calamitous rebuff for Mr. Drew, as it would confirm his critics in his own party in their belief that a leader who cannot carry seats in his own province can never be successful nationally.

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It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering material about which to write—develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

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Many people who *should* be writing become awestruck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors and, therefore, give little thought to the $25, $50 and $100 or more that can often be earned for material that takes little time to write —stories, articles on business, hobbies, travels, sports, news items, local, church and club activities, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

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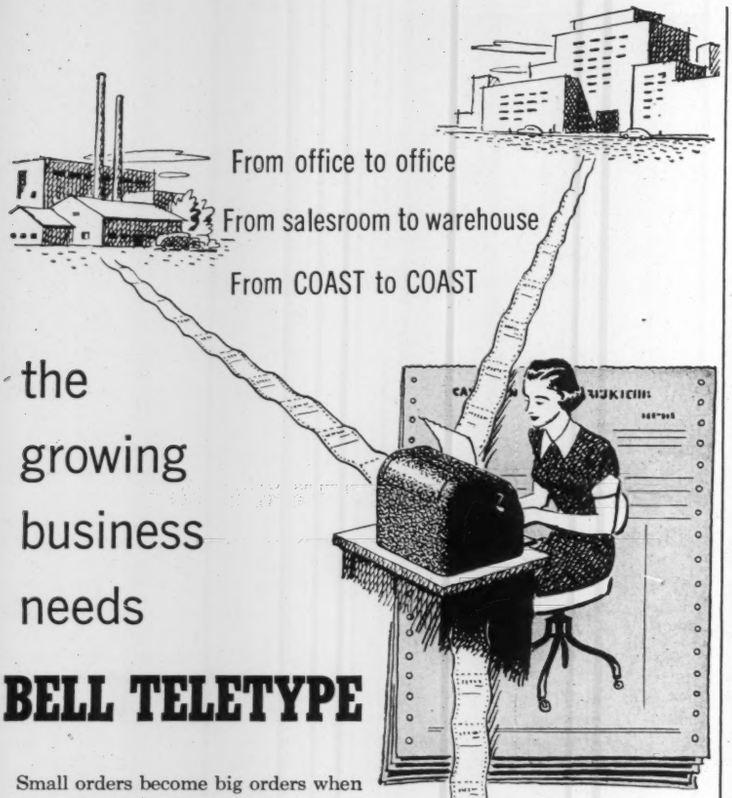

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Television

Planet X and Punch-and-Judy

By Hugh Garner

DUE TO EITHER the mercies of Divine Providence or the happy accident of favorable mutations in my offspring, I cannot pose as a martyr to the noisy whoosh of space ships or the buzzing of atomic disintegrators around our place. My kids are cowboy fans who ride imaginary horses from room to room, hold me up with toy six-guns, and subject me to indignities that at least I can understand, destroy me with familiar weapons, and pester me with questions I can answer.

This happy state of affairs has remained despite the efforts of a host of futuristic television crackpots to imbue the children of the present generation with a hankering to blast-off in the direction of Mars or Planet X in their extra-gravital space ships. In some localities, I am told, the streets are filled with moppets who run around wearing inverted fish-bowls on their heads, while disintegrating each other with ray guns. These pre-scholastic capers of the junior television set can be laid directly at the door of such programs as Rocket Rangers, Space Command, Space Patrol, Space Cadet, and a host of others that are years behind the futuristic imagination of Ray Bradbury, the darling of the science-fiction readers.

Through being a member of the captive audience of two or three of these shows when I was a starry-eyed newcomer to regular television fare, I gave them the amount of study they deserved. Each of these shows requires several stock props: the cardboard and papier-maché interior of a rocket or space ship; a lithesome and youthful hero, known as Buz Corey, Tom Corbett, or Capt. something-or-other; an hysterical villainous pirate from outer space, who speaks English and is an obvious member of the human race; a young woman who has retrogressed to wearing a toga or sarong; a sponsor who sells a noisy cereal that pops, explodes or is jet-propelled; and a lexicon of psuedo-scientific jargon that, thank God, is not being taken up by the members of my household.

E. H. Hausman

HOLLYHOCK and Uncle Chichimus: Adults, too, are interested.

Among this new coinage are such meaningless words and phrases as astrogator (navigator), blast off (start

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rockets), eclipse orbit (the path of a space ship), escape velocity (speed to overcome gravity), gravity generator (machine for making artificial gravity), magnetic couplers (device to hold two space ships together), PPI (Plan Position Indicator, whatever the hell that is), propellant unit (small rocket on space suit), space junk (small meteors), space scooter (small space ship) and steering rockets.

There is even a scheme afoot by Rocket Rangers to form a sort of interstellar Boy Scout movement. For sending in a dime (to cover partial cost of mailing) any red-corpuscled boy or girl can receive a membership charter in a squadron of the Rocket Rangers. The streamlined oath of this organization reads, "I solemnly promise always to travel in a clear orbit of Friendship and Helpfulness to others and chart a steady course toward Self-Improvement and Good Citizenship."

To criticize any of the space patrol programs individually would be a waste of words, and to list any of the slight differences between them, would also be futile. If these programs serve any good purpose at all it is to drive all but sub-moronic adults away from their TV sets in the direction of more worthwhile chores or pleasures.

Another popular and successful type of children's program, that reaches back into history as far as the rocket romances reach into the future, is the puppet show. Two of the oldest of these on American TV that are still going strong, are Howdy Doody and Kukla, Fran and Ollie. The CBC's offerings in this medium are Uncle Chichimus, one of the CBC's earliest programs, and from Montreal a program called Planet Tolex, which tries to combine puppets with planets, with little success.

Howdy Doody and Kukla, Fran and Ollie have always been popular with the children, and give promise of being popular for years to come. Howdy Doody is given to straining relations a little by its repetition, and by an overdose of lisping or tongue-tied junior audience participation, but this criticism is probably carping when we remember that what is repetitious to adults is merely reiteration to children.

Uncle Chichimus, one of the CBC's earliest, and still one of its best, programs, features two hand puppets, Uncle Chichimus, a balding Canadian curmudgeon, and his niece-housekeeper-companion, Hollyhock, a young female puppet with the hatchet-shaped visage of a retired private secretary and a horsetail hairdo made from a string mop. Their actions and voices are handled very well by their creator and manipulator John Conway. Besides the puppets there is a human companion of indeterminate age, Lawrence, played by Larry Mann.

Though Uncle Chichimus might have been aimed at an audience of children in its younger days, it has acquired a faithful following of adults as well. This can be partly explained by the fact that it immediately precedes the CBC-TV news, and partly by the fact that much of its humor is sophisticated and pitched to adult reception.

There has been criticism regarding the program's material, but this reviewer does not share in this criticism; in fact, I am amazed night after night that so many different and authentic-looking situations can be developed around two hand-manipulated dolls, a counter-like affair behind which they perform, and a handful of imitation grass, painted backgrounds and different headgear.

Much of the program's value comes from the acting ability of the human third of the visual program, Larry Mann, a rotund individual who combines a spate of accents, hats, shirts and costumes with all the flair of a Ruth Draper, and can, and does, make himself into several characters during one fifteen-minute program. My only criticism of Mr. Mann would be that he doesn't smile enough, although I am willing to concede that acting with wooden-faced puppets might make the loss of facial expressions an occupational hazard.

A few weeks ago, on the Donald O'Connor stint of the Colgate Comedy Hour, a Punch-and-Judy Show, using modern versions of Punch, Judy and Dog Toby, was introduced and became a laugh riot, not only among the studio audience, but in our house as well. Using the old tried-and-true slapstick formula that Punchinello had used for centuries, there were more laughs, more excitement and better pacing in that two minutes than all the space cadets and modern puppets could muster from here to Mars and back again. Which only proves that it doesn't have to be new to be good.

Increase in policyholders' dividends lowers cost of life insurance

AN INCREASE IN POLICYHOLDERS' DIVIDENDS for the 5th consecutive year will again reduce the net cost of Sun Life insurance, George W. Bourke, President of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada, has announced in his Annual Review just released. During 1954, total dividends to be allotted will amount to $24½ million, an increase of $2½ million over last year.

NEW BUSINESS of $576 million was purchased from the Sun Life during 1953. Major increases were shown for Canada, United States and Great Britain, while the expanding business in other territories of the Company's world-wide organization was well maintained.

GROUP INSURANCE, included in New Business above, purchased from the Company by business and industry amounted to $170 million, an increase of $5 million, continuing the sharply rising trends of recent years. Sun Life Group insurance and pension plans today protect 700,000 people in all walks of life. Total Group life insurance in force at the end of 1953 amounted to $1,751,000,000, an increase of 17% during the year.

INSURANCE IN FORCE is now $5,678,000,000, an increase of 9% over 1952 in the total amount of insurance held by Sun Life policyholders for their individual and family security.

BENEFIT PAYMENTS of $125 million were received by Sun Life policyholders and beneficiaries during 1953, the equivalent of almost half a million dollars each working day of the year. Of this amount $87 million was paid to living policyholders, while $38 million went to widows, orphans, and other beneficiaries of deceased policyholders. Total benefits paid since the first Sun Life policy was issued in 1871 have now reached $2,729,000,000.

TOTAL ASSETS of $1,829,000,000 at the end of 1953 were reported, an increase of $87 million during the year. The assets comprise the savings of the holders of two million Sun Life policies which are invested in government, municipal, public utility and other bonds, in public and private enterprises, and in mortgages (including $176 million in 41,700 home mortgages).

SURPLUS AND CONTINGENCY RESERVE is now $119 million, an increase of $5 million over last year, thus continuing, in the best interests of its policyholders, Sun Life's conservative practice in maintaining ample reserves to meet all contingencies.

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Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

The closing date for the receipt of applications in South Africa and London is **30th April, 1954.**

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Foreign Affairs

Canada and the U.S. "New Look"

By Willson Woodside

IT IS ASTONISHING that the outcome of the prolonged "new look" at military policy by the Eisenhower Administration, the declaration of a doctrine of "instant" atomic retaliation in case of future aggression, has been so little noticed in Canada. One can only ascribe this to preoccupation with the possibility of an economic recession in the U.S., the prolonged Berlin Conference, and then McCarthy's spat with the Army.

It is now two months since the Secretary of State, Mr. Dulles, pronounced solemnly that the U.S. henceforth "would depend primarily upon a great capacity to retaliate, instantly, by means and at places of our choosing". This was widely interpreted, without official contradiction, as meaning that a policy of instant and powerful atomic retaliation against the Soviet Union and Communist China had been decided upon, in case of further aggression by these countries.

This policy, Mr. Dulles elaborated, would permit of a selection instead of a multiplication of military means, and therefore would enable the U.S. authorities to provide more basic security at a lower cost. He claimed, to illustrate its effectiveness, that the fighting in Korea had been stopped because the aggressor was faced with the possibility that it might soon spread beyond the limit and the methods which had been selected. The new policy would also permit the Eisenhower regime to pursue its cherished policy of withdrawing U.S. forces now committed to the Asian mainland, in order to form a strategic reserve which would back up overall policy.

Dulles pointed up his statement with a warning on one of the situations which has proven most intractable and which had helped stimulate the "new look". If there were open Chinese aggression in Indo-China, he said, there would be "grave consequences which might not be confined to Indo-China"—and the same would be true if aggression were renewed in Korea, after some U.S. troops were withdrawn.

The doctrine of instant atomic retaliation, he believed, would also ease the economic strains that NATO countries were suffering in their rearmament drive, by allowing them to shift to a "long haul" policy, at an annual outlay that they could better afford.

There was surprisingly little discussion in the United States, as well as in Canada and the other lands allied to the United States, for several weeks, as to whether this was a formula for averting atomic war, or for ensuring that the next frontier clash would immediately be expanded into an atomic world war. No questions were raised, in Congress or Commons, as to who would decide the "instant" beyond which retaliation must not be delayed, whether the President and his advisers in the National Security Council would order the Strategic Air Force into action or whether he would ask Congress for the traditional declaration of war, and sound out his allies, thereby risking a preventive atomic blow by the Soviets.

Now, however, the questioning has broken out in the States. It was prompted by a speech on February 16 by the Naval Chief of Staff, Admiral Carney, one of the members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff who were supposed to have agreed upon the "new look" strategy. "If we are honest with ourselves," he told the Naval War College, "and have the wit to see the possibilities for varied political contingencies, we will conclude that we cannot say for sure just what kind of conflict the next international crisis might precipitate. If the answer is 'Atoms!' that is one thing. Were the criterion to be 'No atoms!' we are militarily right back where we started.

"I cannot, nor can anyone else, forecast the blueprint for an ultimate showdown of the nations . . . We might see a limited use of atomic weapons. We might see, and probably will see, a continuation of the so-called brush fires. Or we might see a

International
NOT SO SURE about the "new look": U.S. Army Chief of Staff Ridgway, no desk soldier, holds that wars are won by the trained fighting man with his feet on the ground.

nuclear stalemate, like that in the use of chemical and bacteriological weapons, with both sides refraining for fear of retaliation. Confronted with great uncertainty in this respect, I see no alternative but to hedge our strategic bets, ready to rush into the future, but also prepared to rely on the methods of the recent past."

So nothing had been settled, after all. Congress was soon in full cry. Senator Stuart Symington, who has been Secretary of the Air Force and Chairman of the National Security Resources Board, pointed out that Admiral Carney seemed to disagree with the Dulles policy, while Carney's chief, Assistant Secretary of Defence Roger Kyes, was supporting the Dulles doctrine of retaliation, in declaring: "We can no longer afford to prepare for every conceivable kind of war. We can no longer afford the luxury of a *status quo* in strategic planning."

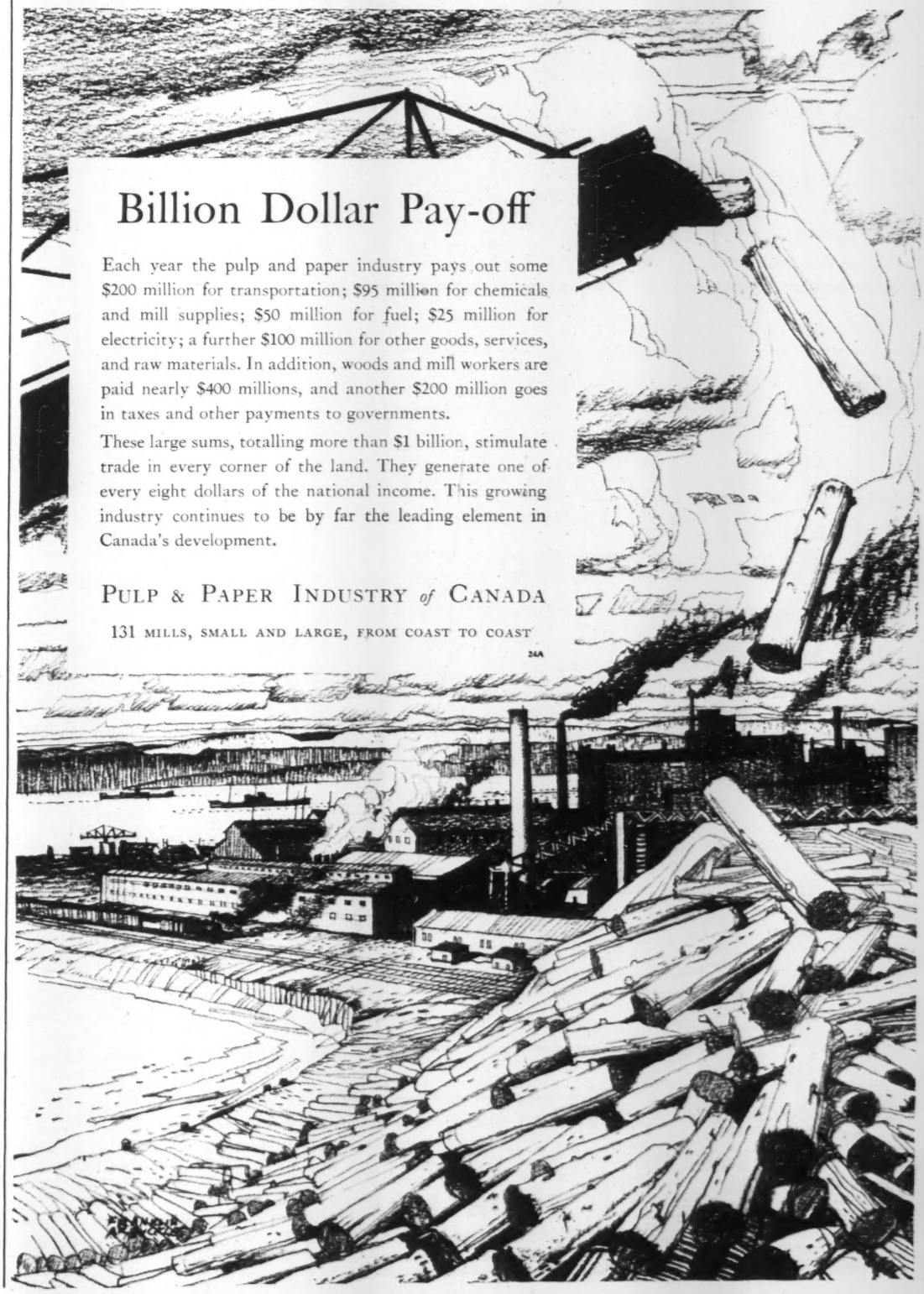
However, Symington continued, Kyes's chief, Defence Secretary Wilson, in denouncing American rattling of the atomic bomb, quite clearly was criticizing Dulles's pronouncement. And then there was Army Chief of Staff Ridgway saying: "New weapons, history shows, have a way of cancelling out . . . The ultimate determinant of military victory still is the trained fighting man with his feet on the ground." Another Senator recalled that Admiral Radford, now Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, told Congress in 1949, while the U.S. still held a monopoly in atomic weapons, that "the threat of instant atomic retaliation will not prevent war and may even invite it. We must realize that we cannot gamble that the atomic blitz of annihilation will even win a war."

The centre of the debate is how the atomic retaliation policy will help deal with the so-called "brush-fire wars" which are a specialty of the Soviets. An American monopoly of atomic weapons did not deter the Soviets from trying to seize Greece through a civil war, taking over Czechoslovakia, or laying down a blockade to squeeze us out of Berlin. The grab of Korea was attempted at a time when the U.S. held an immense superiority in atomic power, and the Indo-China campaign has been carried on despite U.S. development of the hydrogen bomb and tests of many new atomic weapons.

Therefore it is widely held that up to the present the risk of our atomic retaliation has not deterred the enemy from his encroachments, and any cast-iron threat of atomic retaliation following the next aggression will more likely ensure the world war that we fear than prevent the brush-fire. Besides, at just what point does one order atomic bombs on Peking and Mukden, Moscow and Baku—when the Chinese Communists send just one division of troops into Indo-China, or two divisions? At what point in the infiltration of Burma do you Act? And how would atomic attack have saved Iran last summer had not the Iranian Army acted in time?

Certainly the "brush fires" pose us a difficult and exasperating problem, and we cannot neglect to meet their challenge lest we soon find a large part of the world "burnt over". It is particularly exasperating that the enemy should hold the initiative and we should have to run around with the water bucket, trying to put out his fires. But there is no easy answer. Dulles's first essay was the liberation policy, which aimed at setting fires under the enemy, but all through the Western world people cried that this would provoke war. Now he has made himself the spokesman for a policy which has been described as "either a bluff, or a prescription for atomic war".

This is the greatest fault of this policy, that if it were to be carried out according to the letter, it would make certain the atomic war which most people, I believe, still hope can be avoided in one way or another. Really to believe that the atomic-threat policy is best, you have to believe that atomic war and a final showdown with the Soviets are inevitable and that we must try to manage things so as to get in the first lick. Those who believe that—and they may be right, who knows?—should urge a preventive war, while our atomic superiority is still very great. The rest of us, I think, will continue to believe that it is less risky and far less costly to fight Korean wars, and hope that if the big one can be postponed it may somehow be averted.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Chess Problem

By "Centaur"

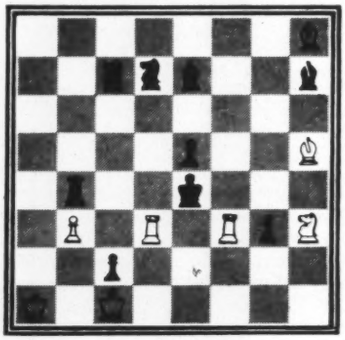
OF THE FOUR LEADING composers of the Old School we have mentioned previously, the Rev. Horatio Bolton was born first and had the longest span of life, June 2, 1793, to Aug. 15, 1873. Just ahead of him were two other composers of note, Joseph Dollinger, familiar from a "Book 1806", and Julius Mendheim who died in 1836.

Actually it was prior to Bolton's time that the long-range problem regained the full popularity it had enjoyed among the Arabians, while the modern trend of his compositions had the first influence on its passing.

The reason for this was the practice in economy, which soon disclosed that most themes could be presented just as well in shorter form. But the subtlety of new themes, with increased difficulty of solving, and the inclination to turn aside anything tedious in the rising tempo of modern life, put the shortening process on a speedy and irresistible march, resulting in the extraordinary popularity of the two-mover in many countries for the last half-century or more. Here, as H. Weenink observes, the solver almost loses all sense of length, because the sense of breadth, interpreted by a wealth of thematic variations, has become dominant.

Problem No. 56, by F. Gamage

Black—Nine Pieces.



White—Eight Pieces.

White mates in two.

Weenink gives the average length of Bolton's problems as about eight moves. The following with its waiting Rook manoeuvre and perfect economy is an example in the modern trend. It appeared in the *Chess Player's Chronicle* in 1841:

White: K on KB4; R on QB8; Kt on Q8; P on QB2. Black: K on Q5. Mate in seven.

1.R-B7; 2.R-B6; 3.Kt-B7; 4.Kt-K5; 5.Kt-Q3; 6.Kt-Kt4ch; 7.P-B3 mate.

Solution of Problem No. 55

1.R-QKt4, BxQBP; 2.K-R6, etc. 1. R-QKt4, PxP; 2.K-R5, etc. 1.R-QKt4, B-K7; 2.K-R4, etc. 1.R-QKt4, P-R7; 2.K-B4, etc. 1.R-QKt4, K-Q1; 2.R-KKt4, etc.

This was Alain White's favorite in the whole white Rook collection, though actually it does not present Rook strategy.

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Books

The Swan of the Liffey

By Robertson Davies

IN DUBLIN'S FAIR CITY, even doctors are witty—and a lucky thing for me, for I am weary of biological, autobiographical and fictional books about doctors which plod without haste or humor from the moment when the newly-qualified physician, equipped only with a ticket-punch and an egg-beater, performs an emergency hysterectomy by the light of a tallow candle in a noisome slum, to the last hour when, loaded with honors, the grand old doctor is hauled to the cemetery, followed by keening patients. At least some Irish doctors appear to take delight in the life which they do so much to save, and consider their profession a thing to be confined to their hours of consultation. One of the most famous of this admirable breed is Dr. Oliver St. John Gogarty, whose autobiography lies before me.

OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY from a portrait by Augustus John.

With Irish prodigality, Dr. Gogarty has already confided many of the best incidents in his life to the reading public, and I opened his book with some fear that it might prove thin. But my misgiving was impertinent; he has plenty to furnish his book, and I suspect there is material for another if he can bring himself to organize it. But organization is not Dr. Gogarty's strong point, and the present book, though rich, is disjointed. His genius is lyric rather than epic and his adventures in extended pieces of writing—his novel *Mad Grandeur* for example — have sometimes come to grief because he cannot stick to his point. But as the point of a man's autobiography is himself, and as Dr. Gogarty is by no means indifferent to himself, he sticks pretty well to his theme in *It Isn't This Time Of Year At All!* which is the admirably Irish title he has chosen.

There is little about doctoring, except for some good student stories and one beauty about the time the author electrocuted himself while examining the sinuses of a patient. But there is a great deal about poetry, and quite a lot about politics, for Dr. Gogarty was a Senator of the Irish Republic, and was very nearly shot by a group of zealots. His description of this incident, and of his escape, is blood-chilling, for he does not play the hero; he lets us know just how frightened he was, and how angry, as he faced the gunmen. But he managed to trick them, to slip out of his coat and jump into the Liffey. And as he swam to safety, he promised the river that if it sustained him, he would give it a pair of swans; in due course he made good his vow. He does not record the remark which another literary Irishman made later, when he heard this story: "Swans? Ah, just the thing for Gogarty—cold feet, white feather, and no song". Politics and conversation are both murderous pursuits in Ireland.

The book is filled with recollections of Yeats, Dunsany, AE, George Moore, James Joyce and other figures of Dublin's great and recent past. It is, of course, well-known that Gogarty figures in *Ulysses* as that Buck Mulligan who is the first character to appear. It is Dr. Gogarty's opinion that Joyce was mad — richly and brilliantly mad, but mad none the less. De Valera and Einstein are also mad, according to this diagnostician; he regards Sigmund Freud as an enemy of the human race, Lloyd George as a rogue of the first order, and he has a low opinion of Winston Churchill. He expresses all these animosities, and scores of others, with the most entertaining vivacity and originality. Dr. Gogarty is a first-rate hater, for he is never mean or grudging; he does not list a man's good qualities and then kill him with a poisoned pinprick; he disembowels the people he dislikes, and wears their tripes as victor's garlands.

It is all refreshing and brilliant, and one can hardly believe that the book is the work of a man who is now seventy-five. It has the ebullience and joyous irresponsibility of youth, and as I said at the beginning, it is free of all the pompous, self-honoring humbug which we are accustomed to find in books by and about doctors. I think it ought to be required reading in the medical schools.

To turn from Dr. Gogarty to Professor Trevelyan's book about books is to turn from literature gloriously drunk to literature sadly sober. *A Layman's Love Of Letters* is a reprint of the Clark Lectures which the writer delivered at Cambridge in 1953. He seems to have been quite unnecessarily complimented at being asked to give some talks on literature; Professor Trevelyan is a distinguished writer and a cultivated man—why should he not talk about literature as freely as Dr. Gogarty, who is also a distinguished writer and a cultivated man? But Professor Trevelyan appears to subscribe, surprisingly, to the notion that literature in its higher flights is the personal property of professors of English who interpret the scriptures, priest-like, to the laity. I am a literary Lollard, myself, and think that these scriptures are for any who can read.

The lectures record his special enthusiasms, but they do not impart these enthusiasms very warmly to the reader. The enthusiasms themselves are many of them unfashionable now —Kipling, Browning, Housman, Scott and George Meredith—and it is good to have a man of Professor Trevelyan's good taste and good sense speaking firmly in their behalf. It is astonishing how many quite well-read young people nowadays seem to know nothing of Browning and Meredith, though they are well up in poets who

are not fit to black the boots of these giants. If they will not be persuaded by Professor Trevelyan, perhaps they will heed the voice of Mr. Day Lewis, who has spoken nobly on behalf of Meredith.

If I appear to lack enthusiasm for this set of lectures it is because I feel that Professor Trevelyan has underestimated his own powers as a critic and appreciator of literature. All that he has said is admirable, but he seems to be afraid that some colleague from the English school will nobble him as soon as he has finished his lecture, and correct his errors. At his time of life he should not fear such correction, for his opinion is quite as likely to be right as theirs.

No uncertainty about the value of his opinion ever hampers Cyril Connolly, who has edited a book called *Great English Short Novels;* he provides an introduction, and a short critical piece, about eleven long short stories, as various as Samuel Johnson's *Life of Mr. Richard Savage,* Hazlitt's *Liber Amoris* and Aldous Huxley's *The Farcical History of Richard Greenow*. This is a very good book, because it contains a collection of excellent stories; I would like to say that Mr. Connolly's pieces add markedly to its value, but I cannot. They seem to me to be hurriedly and patronizingly written, by a critic who lays rather too much stress upon the charm of his own personality—a charm which does not always rise from the printed page in full fragrance. He is master of all the rigmarole of the novel-critic, and his determination to be a highbrow at all cost, and to speak only to highbrows, becomes tiresome. And, by the way, should not a highbrow be able to distinguish between "titivated" and "titillated"? Or is Mr. Connolly merely careless in correcting proofs?

Yet he is one of the most stimulating of modern critics, for under the affectation, the world-weariness and the whining which mar his writings there is that sure instinct for what is first-rate which is the mark of the authoritative critic, and a mark which cannot be forged by any learned ass who would like to be a critic. His best book, *The Unquiet Grave,* has depth and fascination as a record of the inner life of a man of tormented spirit, of a man who can write admirably but who seems to be baulked of real creative energy and the ability to carry out a sustained and substantial piece of work. Perhaps this inhibition of the creative spirit is the price which critics of the first order pay for their particular ability; certainly two of the finest critics of our day—Connolly and Edmund Wilson—have failed as creators. The eye which pierces so unerringly into the creations of others too often, alas, turns inward upon emptiness.

IT ISN'T THIS TIME OF YEAR AT ALL!—by Oliver St. John Gogarty—pp. 256—*Doubleday*—$3.85.

A LAYMAN'S LOVE OF LETTERS—by G. M. Trevelyan, O.M. — pp. 125 — *Longmans, Green*—$2.25.

GREAT ENGLISH SHORT NOVELS—edited by Cyril Connolly — pp. 879 — *Longmans, Green*—$7.00.

In Brief

SWIFT ON HIS AGE, Selected Prose and Verse—edited by Colin J. Horne—pp. 223 plus 60 pages of notes and bibliography—*Clarke, Irwin*—$2.25.

A new volume in the Life, Literature & Thought Library of compact, cleanly printed books, obviously intended for students but agreeable to any reader. The well considered introduction sets the Dean carefully in the Augustan Age of English literature and the selections of his letters, essays and poetry carry his own incisive comment on it. Nothing is included from *Gulliver's Travels, A Tale of a Tub,* or *The Battle of the Books.*

UP HILL ALL THE WAY—by Mary Agnes Hamilton—pp. 160—*Clarke, Irwin*—$2.50.

A rambling, occasionally rancorous, but patently honest piece explaining the political beliefs of the author and why she holds them. Mrs. Hamilton became interested in politics while reading Classics at Cambridge, was a Labor member of the Commons in the 20s and 30s and served with the Ministry of Information during the war. After rejecting "Marx and all that" she gathered more and more enthusiasm for democracy and offers here a third cheer for it. (E. M. Forster, you may remember, only called for two.)

There is a tendency to wander off

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down by-paths of personal spite or adulation and a general untidiness in the presentation of the argument; nevertheless the book is interesting as a reminder of Britain's pre-war political climate and its effect on today's economic and social weather. Before beginning it the student should supply himself with chronological notes on Parliament from 1920-45 as the author assumes in her readers a longer and more accurate memory than most of them probably have.

APES AND IVORY—by Joy Packer—pp. 400—end-paper maps and photographs—McClelland & Stewart—$4.25.

FORGOTTEN AS A DREAM—by Elizabeth Kyle—pp. 287—British Book Service—$3.50.

THE COAST OF INCENSE—by Freya Stark—pp. 287 including index—photographs—Musson—$5.00.

The British penchant for travel and writing about it is illustrated this time by three women of contrasting temperament and literary style. Lady Packer accompanied her husband, Admiral Sir Herbert Packer, to her native South Africa in the fall of 1950 and for the next two years travelled in the Rhodesias, Basuto-, Bechuana- and Swazi-land Protectorates, Nigeria and the Gold Coast. This is the story of what she saw. As the author takes a lively interest in almost everything, there is great variety or, if one feels that way, unevenness of subject matter. She slips from the funeral of General Smuts to the domestic arrangements of Admiralty House, to Korda filming *Cry The Beloved Country*, to the perils of *apartheid* with scarcely a change of voice, but with such charm that one follows gladly. Under the good humor is the persistent sad and serious note discernible in all writing from Africa today and although Joy Packer is sentimental in dealing with racial problems of her country, she speaks with plain common sense.

Elizabeth Kyle divides her book into four parts. The first tells of a visit to Finland where she lived with families of widely divergent backgrounds and habits (by the way, she sorts out for the reader the complex racial pattern of the Finns), and managed to reach the remote and rich monastery at Valamo, last remnant of Holy Russia. The other three parts carry us to Central Europe: first to a glass-manufacturing village on the edge of the Bohemian Forest, then for a stay with the Highly Born amid the rag-tags of Hungarian feudalism, then to seven towns of Rumania.

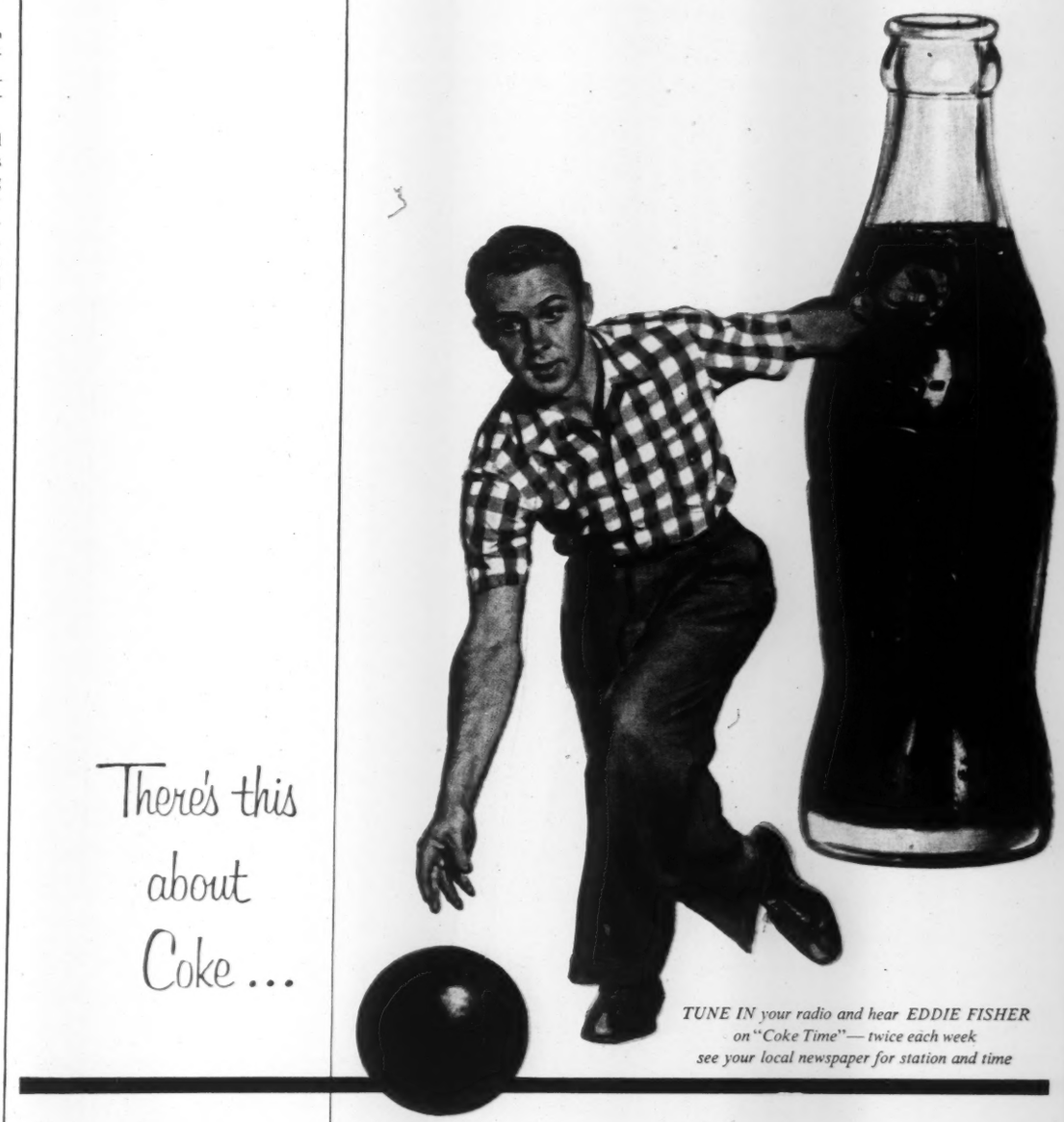
The title is significant. All these visits took place between the wars, revealing ways of life now obliterated. With her somewhat melancholy regret for what was splendid and noble in a nation's past, Miss Kyle has set down what is probably a truthful record, but reads like pleasant fiction.

Because she was travelling almost constantly during the years it covers, Freya Stark's latest book is included here; actually it is the third in an autobiographical trio and is based on letters to friends as she wandered into Syria and the Hadhramaut (1933-39). Here again is the fine balance of humor and wisdom, the egoism, the courage and the intellectual brilliance that are part of the character of this unusual woman. The candor of her revelations is impressive, yet she has the good taste to omit the kind of remark that makes a reader squirm.

Miss Stark's style, which she discusses toward the end of the book, is of a high quality. It would be misleading to call it elegant but it has finesse, lucidity, forthrightness and sometimes beauty. "When I write," she says, "I will take hours, days, weeks even to find the word I wish for, seeking it not for its beauty, originality or strangeness, but merely because I want it to say what I mean." An admirable literary ambition, which she has fulfilled in a remarkable volume of memoirs.

AARON COPLAND—by Arthur Berger—pp. 96 plus appendix, bibliography and index—Photograph of the composer—Oxford—$4.00.

A two-part biography of the controversial composer: thirty pages on The Man and twice as many on The Music. The Music gives careful consideration to Copland's sources and contains a detailed study of his compositions with actual examples incorporated in the text. It is therefore of special technical interest to the student of music and of practically none to the general reader. Almost the same can be said of The Man, for it no more evokes an image of a living person than does a paragraph in Who's Who. Altogether this is the driest and, because we were eager to make Mr. Copland's acquaintance, most disappointing "life" we have ever come across. R. M. T.



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Films

Band Concert

By Mary Lowrey Ross

"LET ME WRITE the nation's songs and I care not who writes my screen biography," might very well be the slogan of any popular composer. As things usually work out, all the producer's skill and technical resources are dedicated to the songs, while the biography itself is as formal and tactful as a newspaper obituary. The recording of the subject's work is all important, and within its field is usually accomplished with liveliness and style. The actual life he lived, the private thoughts he may have entertained, the wife he left behind him, are treated with such conventional respect that each composer might have lived the same life, thought the same thoughts, even married the same wife.

As a result, the Irving Berlin story, the Cole Porter story, the Sousa story, and now *The Glenn Miller Story*, are all pretty much the same story, with a change of records.

Admirers of Glenn Miller's arrangements—which at the present time include practically everyone under twenty, together with a number of nostalgic pre-World War II adults — will probably get considerable enjoyment from the latest musical biography, which is largely a Glenn Miller band concert. The program includes nearly all the favorites — "Moonlight Serenade", "Tuxedo Junction", "Pennsylvania 65000", "St. Louis Blues", "American Patrol" and "Little Brown Jug". The cast is headed by James Stewart and June Allyson as Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Miller; and Louis Armstrong and Frances Langford are among the notables present in person. It runs for two hours, or what appeared to be two hours, which apparently isn't a minute too long for Glenn Miller enthusiasts. My companion, a mild enthusiast, pointed out that you get just about as much entertainment by sitting at home listening to Glenn Miller records.

It is a success story of a familiar sort. Glenn Miller begins as a trombonist with a passion for musical arrangement, marries the girl he loves, and becomes more and more successful, richer and richer, and happier and happier with Mrs. Miller as the film proceeds. Their domestic story is little more than a mild *recitative* between bursts of band arias. It wasn't, I thought, a particularly interesting one.

James Stewart's performance, particularly in the final sequences, seemed conventional and limp, almost as though the star were conscious of himself as the central figure in large-scale obsequies. June Allyson plays the ideal wife in the manner approved of, if not actually dreamed up, by Mrs. Dale Carnegie ("How to Make Your Husband a Success").

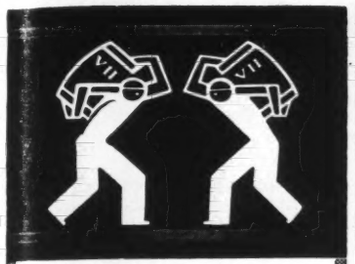
Miss Sadie Thompson, starring Rita Hayworth and José Ferrer, is the third screen version of Somerset Maugham's *Rain*. This one is decidedly off-centre.

The trouble with shifting the centre of a plot — particularly as carefully constructed a plot as the one devised by Mr. Maugham—is that you go more and more wildly wrong as you approach the circumference. The Maugham centre was, of course, the struggle between Sadie Thompson and the Reverend Davidson. This wasn't good enough for the current producer, who brought in a Marine (Aldo Ray) to work on the redemption of Sadie, leaving the Reverend Mr. Davidson (José Ferrer) far out on the perimeter. As a result Mr. Davidson, who till the last possible moment had shown only a chilly interest in Sadie's soul and none whatever in her person, is made to arrive at the great seduction scene almost without warning. It isn't perhaps Mr. Ferrer's fault if he does this with the air of a man who could hardly have anything further from his thoughts. The audience snickered audibly at this, more from astonishment than from hilarity.

Universal Pictures
JUNE ALLYSON and JAMES STEWART in "The Glen Miller Story".

Almost everything is wrong with this picture except, in the early sequences, Rita Hayworth. As long as Rita is required to entertain the marines on a loose but friendly basis she is exactly and wonderfully right. Towards the end she gets a little beyond her emotional depth, but by that time everything else had gone so dismally wrong that Sadie's unaccustomed fumblings with the problem of her soul's salvation hardly mattered.

Three Sailors and a Girl is a musical starring Jane Powell, Gene Nelson and Gordon MacRae. The credit list claims that it is based on a play by George Kaufman. If so, it, or Mr. Kaufman, must have been a long way off base.



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The Backward Glance

46 Years Ago This Week

IN THE ISSUE OF SATURDAY NIGHT for March 14, 1908, bore on its coverpage a drawing of two black crows, who were definitely not Moran & Mack, but members of that migratory blackbird family of the genus *Corvus*, family *Corvidae*. (And *that* is the last bit of bird-lore you'll find in these columns for the next six months.) Under the drawing was a caption reading, "A spring effusion *en passant*", and under that was a poesified bit of conversation between "Jim Crow" and "Mrs. Jim". First, Jim Crow: "You rube down there who thinks 'tis Spring,

For seeing us upon the wing,
Last summer took a shot at me;
'Something to crow about,' said he."

Mrs. Jim answered him:

"My dear! a pun like that is wrong.
Man's views on such like things are strong;
That crows steal corn is a tradition
He had just caws for his suspicion."

The Front Page discussed among other things a recent visit to Canada made by Rudyard Kipling, and just in passing, how many men have you ever known or heard of with the Christian name of Rudyard? We have never heard of anyone but Kipling, nor have we ever heard of anyone called Kenesaw Mountain except Landis, Makepeace other than Thackeray, or Greenleaf other than Whittier.

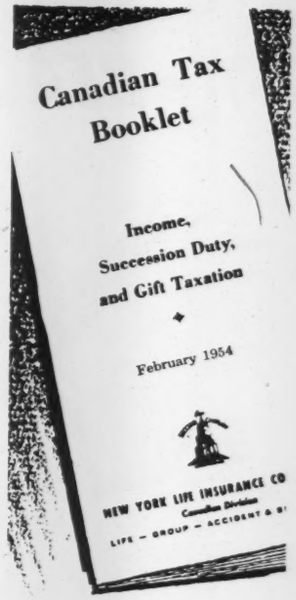
And if you have ever wondered about the newspaperman's distrust of the name "journalist," here is what the editor of SATURDAY NIGHT had to say on the subject: "When a public man addresses a gathering of newspaper writers he is often at a loss to understand why they repudiate the term 'journalists'. It may be well to explain this point. The title of 'journalist' was so often assumed by those who had little if any claim to it and was so brazenly flourished in public view, that those rightly entitled to so describe themselves fell back in self-defence on the use of the term 'newspaperman'. Like all second choices it is inferior to the first, yet it serves its purpose, distinguishing as it does, the genuine from the spurious, for the man who, on some flimsy excuse may call himself a journalist, may be unable to claim that he is a newspaperman."

It was reported that Edmund E. Sheppard, the founder of this journa—er, paper, had gone to California for his health following a lengthy illness. Mr. Sheppard never did return to Canada, but died in California, after selling SATURDAY NIGHT to Harold Theodore Gagnier, former publisher of the *Cigar and Tobacco Journal*.

Religion seemed to play a much larger part in the lives of Canadians forty or fifty years ago than it does today, and many items of news dealt with the churches. A correspondent wrote to the magazine about a minister, the Rev. Richard Hobbs, formerly of Tillsonburg, then of Toronto, who preached against smoking and dancing. This had caused quite a bit of comment in the Toronto papers, and the correspondent filled in some of the reverend gentleman's background while he was battling the demons Nicotine and Terpsichore in the pre-tobacco town of Tillsonburg. In one of his sermons he had declared that if the Savior actually turned water into wine, he, the preacher, would have nothing more to do with Him. The Rev. Hobbs, who was apparently anti-liquor too, gave his own novel interpretation of the Bible story, and said that the water pots referred to in the gospel were used for washing the feet of the guests and no doubt it was made to appear like wine. Apparently the Bible is always right as long as it agrees with its interpreters; they've been trying to make Christ a teetotaller now for the past two hundred years, but although we've read of many vineyards in the Bible we have never found any indications of tea or coffee plantations during the life of Christ.

Those of us who think that our Doukhobor troubles belong only to the past twenty years are making a mistake. The Douks have been stirring up a tempest in a teapot, and getting reams of newspaper coverage, ever since they arrived in this country from Russia. In 1908 most of them lived in the Fort William area, and under the heading, "The Death Of A Doukhobor" we read about one of their funerals. "It is a strange funeral procession. Fort William has never seen its like before. The corpse is carried upon a rude, home-made sleigh, its only covering a grey blanket.

"But hold! the guardians of the law have stopped their march. There is no burial permit. They explain that they are on their way to find the city's burial ground, and that they will place the body upon the snow so that the animals, the dogs, the wolves, the bears, may have something to eat. 'It is our duty,' they say, 'to provide food for the animals because God has provided food for us.' The corpse is given up to the authorities, and the Doukhobors, without evincing the slightest anger, turn about and go home."



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Le Devoir: We are, at heart, socially lazy. We raise an outcry when bureaucrats stick their nose in our business, or when they do not act the way we would like, but we never cease demanding from the state that it should organize our private and professional life.

And the state, tugged at from all sides, worried and outflanked by the tasks which it has not accomplished, simplifies its problems by infringing on the liberty of individuals. If each of us would begin to take the trouble to make the effort of which we are capable, if each profession would try to solve the problems of its members in all cases coming under its jurisdiction, the role of the state would be simplified.

And all of us would be a little happier.

Edmonton Journal: Only two out of every 100 Canadians have singing voices. Unfortunately, not all of the remaining 98 per cent are aware of this.

Detroit Free Press: It is greatly possible that our Allies might be less nervous if we in America were more restrained in talking about what we're equipped to do to Russia. Every time we discuss a weapon or military plan it is in specific terms of its usefulness against the Soviet Union.

Naturally our arms exist mainly to discourage Russian aggression or, that failing, to strike victorious counterblows. Among ourselves we understand that. But our bluntness can have a disturbing sound in countries where we're often heard, but little known.

It can be no inconsiderable part of the Reds' propaganda success that almost never do they talk of attacking us—much as we are aware that they wouldn't hesitate to on any day the odds looked favorable.

For all the bombast Russian journals deliver against us, they almost never talk in terms of how long it would take a Red bomber to reach Detroit, or what battle advantage lies in some troop movement just behind the Iron Curtain.

Goodman Ace in Saturday Review: When conversation among the intelligentsia is steered to the subject of television it is becoming more and more the fashion in snobbish frippery for someone to drop what is intended to be a small bomb by casually remarking that he doesn't have a television set. As a defense I have begun casually to inquire if he has a telephone.

This exciting dialogue inevitably leads to the non-television owner's declamation that rather than sit around the house watching television trivia he would rather spend his evenings reading a book.

There is a cryptic inference in the statement that people who watch television never read books any more. When the truth of the matter is that a television owner must be pretty anxious to read a book when he could be watching his set, to say nothing of how much greater courage and will power it takes to open a book with a blank seventeen-inch screen staring at you across the room than it does to read when there's nothing else to do to while away the evening.

As a television owner who also owns a book I would like to point out that there are some worthwhile moments in this new media for which you can put a book down for an hour or two. Everything on television isn't necessarily "My Friend Irma". It's a matter of selectivity.

The Washington Post: Senator McCarthy, in his fulsome effort to dissociate himself from any thought of undercutting President Eisenhower, was moved to remark: "I think President Eisenhower is an honorable man." The phrase is familiar. It has the same ring as the description of Brutus by Mark Antony in the funeral oration in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* —just after Brutus had done Caesar in.

Halifax Chronicle-Herald: One bad habit in the writing profession—and it extends in some degree to newspaper writing—finds expression in the use of strange terms and outlandish names in place of their plain equivalents. Perhaps habit isn't the precise description; perhaps it could better be described as a form of literary snobbery. But the best writing is the effective use of simple forms. Read the best with this thought in mind, and one is surprised to find how plain and simple are the words which are woven into the most moving of language.

Brantford Expositor: A flood of light is thrown on some current books by the plea of an inmate of an Indiana insane hospital which reads, "Please do not restore me to sanity until I have finished my book."

The New York Times: President Nathan M. Pusey of Harvard has an answer to those who say that institutions of the higher learning ought to tell their students what to think. Dr. Pusey, addressing a meeting of New England educators, said that the job of the universities is "to educate free, independent and vigorous minds capable of analyzing events, of exercising judgment, of distinguishing facts from propaganda and truth from half-truth and lies".

This principle ought to be hammered home. It ought to be understood on campuses and everywhere else. We are in no danger, now or ever, of too much thinking. The danger lies in the peanut-sized brain and the foghorn-sized voice—and then only if we put them in positions of power. The cure is more education, not less.

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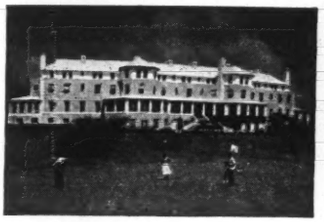

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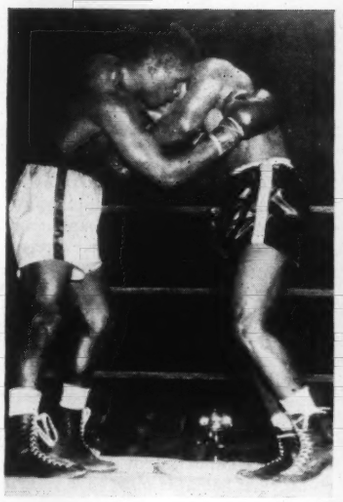

AP

SAXTON and Bratton: Ten affectionate rounds at Philadelphia.

Sports

Buying a Turkey

By Jim Coleman

WATCHING TELEVISION, at its worst, can be a horrifying experience. Even more horrifying must be the experience of a sponsor who purchases an hour of show-time on a national network and who, 10 minutes after the opening of the show, realizes that he has bought a turkey. He must sit through the next 50 minutes, suspecting that his is the only television set in North America which is tuned to that particular network. His beautiful commercial announcements are unheard and unwatched and, with some justification, he feels like strangling himself with a coaxial cable.

Radio still has some advantages over television. If a radio show's announcer turns up inflamed with the grape or if the bassoon soloist discovers, at the last minute, that some japester has stuffed toilet paper in the bell of his instrument, the operator behind the glass window can always switch back to that good old reliable "interlude of organ music from our main studios" until sane and sober substitutes have replaced the starting team. Not so with television; you're stuck out there, Buster, until they turn off the big bright lights.

The television show to end all sporting television shows was staged two weeks ago by the Pabst Brewing Company. Never has there been anything like it since an eagle, named Mr. Ramshaw, ad-libbed a few lines on Fred Allen's radio program back in 1941.

The Pabst Company presented Johnny Saxton and Johnny Bratton in what purported to be an exhibition of The Manly Art of Modified Murder. Messrs. Saxton and Bratton were listed as middleweight pugilists and

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they were billed for 10 rounds or less of premeditated violence.

Possibly the fact that the bout was being staged in Philadelphia had something to do with the subsequent gruesome proceedings. Remembering that Philadelphia is known as "The City of Brotherly Love", Bratton went into the ring resolved not to throw a blow in anger. Saxton, apparently, went into the same ring intent upon avoiding destruction. Some farceur warned him that Bratton is a dangerous puncher.

In the next hour, the only persons who suffered any damage were the spectators and the stockholders of the Pabst Brewing Company. Afterwards, Bratton displayed an abrasion above one eye, but he must have been struck by a paper cup thrown by a ringsider. Also, he complained of a sore finger on his right hand; he must have caught it in the zipper of his trousers.

As soon as the bell sounded for the opening of the first round, Saxton rushed out of his corner, grasped Bratton by the shoulders and clung to him affectionately. Bratton made no attempts to disengage himself but worked his head down on Saxton's chest so he wouldn't have far to fall to the floor if Saxton released his grip.

Under the circumstances, the television ringside commentator handled the situation adequately. "They are feeling each other out," he said in a confidential voice. "They are being very cautious. Saxton is under instructions to get inside and stay there. Bratton can be a very damaging puncher."

Two rounds later, though, it was obvious that neither boxer had been briefed on the fact that he was expected to display the ferocity of a wounded water buffalo. Saxton was "staying inside" most certainly; he kept so close to Bratton that they could have worn the same pair of trunks. As Deacon Jack Allen, the old Canadian fight promoter, observed sagaciously, "It looked like one drunk trying to take another drunk home".

The obvious defects of such a performance on television immediately became apparent. Some uninhibited lout in the vicinity of the microphone began to bawl "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie" in a thoroughly obnoxious voice. The engineer attempted to turn down the volume but, in doing so, he drowned out the voice of the ringside commentator.

The cameras didn't tarry at the ringside between rounds. Instead, they switched back swiftly to the studios, where announcers extolled the indubitable virtues of Pabst products. There was a hunted look in the eyes of these commercial announcers; they suspected that something was amiss and they tackled their assignments with a spurious air of nonchalance and gaiety.

By this time, the ringside commentator was wisely refraining from commenting on the brutality of the proceedings and was merely announcing: "Round Four". The engineer then turned down the volume but, unmistakably, the watchers could hear an undercurrent of feet pounding on the Philadelphia stadium floors and a raucous vocal chorus seeped through the television speakers.

The cameramen made a game and ingenious attempt to save the show by keeping their lenses focussed on the alleged pugilists rather than the ringsiders who were beginning to wave to their relatives in Dubuque and Walla Walla. The close-up shots showed Bratton and Saxton in an anaemic exhibition of in-fighting. Saxton would attempt to strike Bratton in the belly and Bratton would look at him reproachfully. Occasionally, Bratton would move his own hands listlessly, but it appeared that he was trying to pick Saxton's pockets.

Unfortunately, Bratton and Saxton chose to spend almost two minutes lolling in Saxton's corner. The distraught cameramen had no choice but to concentrate on this sector of the ring. And, unfortunately, the cameras also picked up the face of one disenchanted ringsider who insisted upon waving a rolled newspaper. The only sign of activity on the screen was the waving newspaper.

Finally, in exasperation, the ringsider hurled his newspaper into the ring. That was the beginning and the end. The television commentator realized that all was lost and uttered a hollow: "The spectators appear to be becoming restive". Within seconds, the indignant inhabitants of the Philadelphia stadium were filling the ring with newspapers, programs, paper cups and other refuse.

Released from bondage, the cameramen went to work happily. They scanned the crowd and the descending refuse. They picked up a very fine close-up of a partially-filled paper cup bouncing off the unprotected head of Referee Joe Sweeney. It was a direct hit and, as far as this observer was concerned, should have been fatal and should have been delivered in the very first round.

As the embarrassed judges delivered a decision in favor of Saxton, the ringside television commentator was heard to say: "Well, I'm getting out of here—right now!"

Wise fellow!

The man who was responsible for exposing the television public to this grotesque farce was Referee Sweeney. He had the authority to end the bout and throw both men out of the ring as soon as it became evident that Bratton and Saxton weren't going to win any Drama Critics' Awards.

Sweeney had absolutely no excuse for permitting the bout to continue after the first few rounds. Apparently, he feared that he might offend the International Boxing Club, which decides what fights are suitable for viewing by the television public. If he gave the heave-ho to two of IBC's favorite sons, he might have been banished to some small boxing club in the magic lantern circuit.

My advice to you is that, if on any future occasion you see Saxton or Bratton climbing into a ring on your television screen, turn off the switch smartly and run, don't walk, for the nearest copy of *Tom Swift and His Flying Machine*.

Business

Style Builds Business In Cotton Carpeting

By HARRY G. BOWLEY

JUST WHY a species intelligent enough to produce radar, supersonic aviation, and the differential calculus should persist in the ridiculous notion that hats, and not shoes, are the logical things to remove indoors, is a question that may never be answered. We expect a floor to be clean and of a pleasing color and texture, and we tramp all the filth of the streets into it with hard abrasive soles and heels, which is about as reasonable as expecting Miss Universe of 1954 to win the Olympic weight-lifting championship.

The floor covering that is most often called on to delight the eye and cushion the step and yet remain durable and attractive under the harshest treatment is carpeting. Canadians are good carpet buyers, which is not surprising, in view of our climate. In 1951, the latest year for which figures are available, Canadian textile mills turned out over $15 million worth of carpeting. Production is still high, providing one of the few bright spots in an otherwise cloudy textile picture. Another $10 million worth or so is imported annually, chiefly from the United Kingdom.

Not much carpeting was imported before the war; what little did come in was chiefly to supply those whose preference for imported goods is based on bias rather than on any insight into carpeting qualities. But during the war, when carpets, like everything else, were in short supply, Canadian manufacturers lagged far behind the demand. It has taken them until just recently to catch up, partly because European suppliers of looms shrewdly decided they would be fools to sell looms to Canada when they could keep the looms themselves, make carpets on them, and sell the carpets in Canada. Thus, although no imported carpeting gets into the country without paying at least 25 per cent duty, foreign manufacturers have been able to take a sizable part of the Canadian market by keeping domestic producers in default.

There are signs, however, that demand and supply are beginning to draw abreast. One sign is that carpet sales are becoming seasonal again, for the first time since before the war. Most people buy carpets when they move, and so, normally, retailing is most brisk in the spring and fall. The return of the seasonal cycle has dismayed many retailers who entered the field during the past decade and are conditioned to steady year-round sales. Older firms phlegmatically regard it as merely a return to normalcy.

It will surprise nobody to hear that Canadians are buying more of the better grades of carpeting today than they were before the war. This is largely because so many own their own homes and take a natural homeowner's pride in their furnishings. Carpet manufacturers and retailers are understandably in favor of the home-owning trend. Some of them, however, are dubious about another trend—a drift toward the exotic in color preference. Their imaginations fired by full-color magazine ads, buyers are demanding carpets in gold, or silver, or turquoise, or grey with a rose cast to it. Says F. H. Cregeen, veteran Montreal dealer, "They don't realize that a carpet will last for ten or twenty years—through several changes in drapes or wallpaper. The safest carpet colors are still the neutral shades like beige and mushroom."

Interior decorators, however, both professional and amateur, are dead set on more colorful carpets. And their needs are being supplied, thoroughly and quite profitably, by a line of merchandise that is steadily gaining ground in this country — cotton carpeting.

There is, of course, nothing new about cotton carpets. But recently they have blossomed out with a thicker and longer pile, in a range of colors that wool cannot duplicate, and in a price range that covers nearly all income brackets. Their manufacturers claim wearing qualities at least equal to those of wool. But color is perhaps their biggest selling point. Woollen fibres are dyed first, and then woven into carpets. Cotton carpeting, on the other hand, can be woven first and dyed afterwards. It will take any conceivable color, and the manufacturers will undertake to match any given shade.

The upsurge of cotton began some years ago in the United States. American cotton carpets began to appear in this country, and eventually several Canadian woollen carpet mills switched part of their production to cotton on a more or less tentative basis. Only one Canadian concern—Peeters Textile Mills Ltd. of Granby, Quebec — manufactures cotton carpeting exclusively; and the firm expects to put out an eventual 500,000 square yards a year.

There are two types of cotton carpeting, cut-pile and loop-pile. Cut-pile carpeting, the better of the two grades, is woven by an intricate process that makes two lengths of carpet simultaneously, face to face. The backing material, as with most wool carpeting, is jute, and the jute backing and cotton pile are woven together. What actually emerges from the loom is two parallel strips of backing, joined by the innumerable fibres that form the pile. These fibres are immediately and neatly sliced down the centre, leaving two separate strips of carpet.

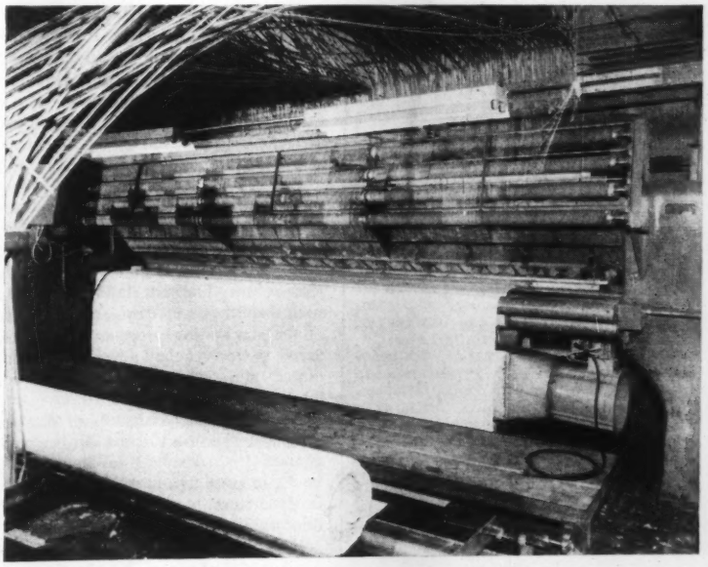
Loop-pile carpeting uses a backing material of heavy cotton duck sheeting. Threads stretching the entire width of the material are pushed through from behind, at very close intervals, to form loops on the upper side. Both cut-pile and loop-pile carpeting is backed with a layer of rubberizing compound. A serious drawback with loop-pile carpeting, in the past, was failure of this compound to grip the threads firmly.

This discouraging feature has been done away with by the invention—a Canadian development—of a new plastic compound to replace the latex used in rubberizing. It grips the threads so firmly that tugging on a loop with pliers will not affect the next loop of the same thread. In addition to its adhesive qualities, the new plastic compound is fireproof and moisture-proof; carpets can be washed on the floor.

THERE IS currently a marked trend toward wall-to-wall carpeting in Canadian homes. Cotton carpet manufacturers hope to accelerate this trend, and profit by it, by stressing the economy of cotton. The public's yen for wall-to-wall carpeting, incidentally, appears to wax and wane in cycles; we are now on an upswing, but there is no guarantee that the craving for complete coverage will be permanent.

Here seems to be as good a place as any to mention a common misconception about the word "broadloom". Carpet retailers have trouble with customers who insist they will take nothing less than broadloom, under the impression that the word denotes a standard of quality. Broadloom carpeting is nothing more than carpeting which has been produced, literally, on a broad loom; it may be of any quality whatsoever. At the present time no Canadian mill is capable of turning out carpeting more than twelve feet wide, although an Ontario mill expects to be producing a width of fifteen feet sometime this year. The world's widest carpet loom is in Scotland, and it is thirty-three feet wide.

Retailers handling both cotton and woollen carpets are reluctant to compare their wearing qualities. The special appeal of cotton is to the householder who enjoys change; it makes it possible for a person with a moderate income to change his floor covering at regular intervals, and many have taken to doing just that—a skittishly un-Canadian attitude to home decoration which shows what technological advance can do to alter the character of a nation.



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Gold & Dross

By W. P. Snead

Bata Petroleums

I HOLD *some Bata Petroleums. I note the stock has been making slow gains. Is the future of this stock good? Should I hold or take a loss? —J. A., Trail, B.C.*

Bata appears as good a hold as any among the smaller companies. Oil reserves have been improved considerably over the past year and two utility companies have been integrated with Bata. Both the Associated Development company, which supplies gas to the salt plant of Dominion Tar, and the Unity Gas Supply company, which supplies gas to Unity and the Saskatchewan Power Commission, have been taken over.

In addition to this, it appears that the "time of troubles" that has afflicted Western Potash in its shaft sinking program is coming to an end, with the quicksand problem overcome. As Bata holds 500,000 shares, successful exploitation of this Potash deposit would provide Bata with an important gas customer and a source of income.

With revenue from both oil and gas sales improving (gas sales increased 21.5 per cent in 1953 from 1952 levels), the stock appears to have a better than average growth potential and holding for the long pull seems warranted.

East Sullivan

WHAT IS YOUR *opinion of East Sullivan Mines as to prospects of any betterment of earnings and price during the next six months or a year? I presume this will depend entirely upon the state of base metal prices during that time.—R. C. D., Guelph, Ont.*

The state of base metal prices is indeed the key factor in the outlook for East Sullivan and also for all the other base metal producers. At the present time both lead and zinc appear due for another sinking spell, despite the recent price cuts and copper appears to be shivering on the brink of a plunge.

To see the situation in proper perspective it is necessary to turn back to the beginning of the Korean War when the panic-stricken Truman Administration in what has been aptly termed the "Excited States", provided such a stimulus to demand, by means of the stockpiling programs, that base metal prices reached levels that stimulated all sorts of uneconomic production.

Now the black chickens of disaster are coming home to roost with a vengeance for, despite the severe cutbacks in production, metal inventories in producers' hands continue to reach new monthly totals.

The problem of surpluses is not just local or continental but world wide with the added factor that soft currency countries will continue to offer metals for hard dollars regardless of the price.

With this general outlook, and base metals, if history is any guide, always tending to follow a long, slow cyclic movement generated by wars, the pattern promises very little for a long time ahead.

The Toronto Stock Exchange Base Metal index is telling the tale with a succession of new lows being marked and until it reaches the objective of 110 set out in these columns a year ago there is little promise of an upturn and then only from technical grounds.

Brunswick Mining

AFTER *reading some articles last spring on mineral discoveries in New Brunswick, I bought 100 shares of Brunswick Mining and Smelting at 21. They are now quoted under 11. Is this stock worth holding for a return later, or should I sell in case it goes lower?—Mrs. E. M., Montreal.*

The continued weakness in lead and zinc prices has exerted heavy pressure upon the prices of stocks in these fields. Brunswick has been no exception to this trend and the broad retreat from the high of 23¾, marked last April, has carried the stock down to a new low of nine.

With base metal prices still threatened by the high inventories of metals and demand reported to be very slow, the outlook for producers is still gloomy. With many of them forced either to curtail output or suspend operations, the profit potential of a company in the pre-production stage, before the costs of mining, milling and smelting are definitely known, appears undefinable.

The chart pattern is reflecting the doubts that have replaced the hopes that helped lift the price of Brunswick to its high, and analysis of the recent chart pattern indicates a further decline is possible. At present the chart provides an objective of 7.

Page Hersey

WE ARE HOLDING *Page Hersey Tubes in our investment portfolio. Do you recommend further purchase for capital gain and for income?—O. G. M., Oshwa, Ont.*

The outlook for this company is dependent upon developments in two main fields. First the general construction field and secondly the western oil fields.

In our opinion it seems very doubtful that the present rate of activity in these fields will be maintained and we look for a general slowing of demand from both these areas. Big construction projects are none too plentiful in the immediate future—industry in general seems to be moving from the construction phase to the replacement phase—and the western oil fields are

definitely not attracting the capital that they did in 1952. Until the gas export situation, which the Alberta Government ill advisedly keeps in a state of suspension, is clarified considerably, it appears that there will be little demand for large quantities of pipe and less attraction for the capital necessary to purchase it.

The action of the stock, over the past several months has reflected these possibilities in the persistence of the narrow trading range the stock has moved in. It appears from the market action that considerable distribution of long term holdings is taking place. On the yield basis of 4.1 per cent of the $3.00 dividend on the price, at the time of writing, of 72¾, this seems consistent with long term investment practice. Thus, instead of a buy the stock seems much more of a sale in favor of switching into bonds which are available at yields of 4¾ per cent and better.

St. Lawrence Corp.

I HOLD SHARES *in St. Lawrence Corp. Should they be sold at 50?—G. C. R., Simpson, Sask.*

From the technical position of this stock on our chart it appears that progress above the 46 mark will be very difficult. On the basis of the present dividend of $2.00 the yield on 46 of 4.35 per cent is less than can be obtained from good corporate bonds and should the price advance to your objective the stock would seem very much of a sale.

From the market action achievement of your objective seems to be more of a hope than a possibility. Selling at present levels for reinvestment into higher yielding bonds is indicated.

Dominion Magnesium

I HOLD SHARES *in Dominion Magnesium. What is your opinion of this stock?—B. A., Kootenay, B.C.*

At its present price of 13, Dominion Magnesium appears to be a reasonable hold for the long pull. This opinion is based upon the general outlook for this metal, which is assuming a greater importance as we move into the "age of alloys".

Were quarterly reports available (and too many Canadian Companies are prone to omit them, to their detriment in the American market, where investors are used to receiving such information), it would be much easier to measure the progress of this company. To attempt to assess progress on the basis of a 1952 report in 1954 is, of course, a study in futility. At best, one must rely upon the market action, as measured by the charts, for some clues and indications as to the company's well being.

Looking back on the record, we note that the stock reached a high of 16⅝ early in 1953 and a low of 9 last September, and now it is trading at 13. Since 1951 it has moved in approximately the same range, and it seems likely to do so until a dividend appears to place the stock upon a yield measurement basis.

As a slow trading medium, the stock appears to be a sale when it approaches the 15-16 level and a good buy near 10. Movement of the stock towards these trading limits would warrant appropriate action.

Trans Vision

I HAVE SOME *shares in Trans Vision Television Ltd. Is this company still in existence and what are its prospects?—H. C. M., Grand Manan, N.B.*

Trans Vision was reorganized into Arcan Corporation Ltd. with the capital structure being drastically revised by means of an "Irish Dividend" of one new share for 20 old.

The stock is presently quoted at $1.85 and its prospects appear to be absolutely undefinable. The electronics business is at best a chancy one, as the recent bankruptcy of some television manufacturers attests, and we entertain a considerable amount of doubt as to the hopes of this company.

In its previous forms of corporate existence of Cub Aircraft and Transvision it was notably unsuccessful and there is little evidence that the company can compete, profitably, with the large manufacturers who can advertise to and supply the Canadian market.

In Brief

WE HAVE *2,000 shares of August Porcupine. Is the company active? Are the shares worth anything? —R. L. S., Hamilton, Ont.*

Not active. Two cents bid.

IS THERE ANY *future for Fairfax Mines?—W. M., Grand Valley, Ont.*

Rather dim at present.

SHOULD I BUY *Dominion Steel and Coal for appreciation? — L. M. G., Summerside, P.E.I.*

No.

I HOLD SHARES *in Broulan Reef Gold Mines and have a small profit at present levels. Would you advise selling or holding? — R. J. H., Kitchener, Ont.*

Hold.

SHOULD I CONTINUE *to hold Heath Oils, bought at 28 cents? — S. G. L., Westview, B.C.*

No.

I HOLD *1,000 shares of Canadian Devonian Petroleums. Would you hang on if you had paid $1.00 per share?—A. L. S., Winnipeg, Man.*

With a stop loss at 75 cents.

I BOUGHT *shares in Prairie Oil Royalties at 4.50. Do you advise additional purchase at present levels? — T. C., Toronto.*

No.

I PURCHASED *Bailey Selburne at 6.90. Would you recommend taking the loss now with the stock near 5?— F. A. R., Winnipeg.*

Yes, for repurchase under 4.

WILL YOU TELL ME *what to do with 100 shares of Price Brothers purchased at 30½? — E. M., Montreal.*

Take your profit.

A Review of Some Factors Affecting Business

Many favourable aspects are present in today's business outlook, but there are some unfavourable ones, too. What effect will these have on future business? Both sides of the situation are discussed in our March Review and Securities List, and comments given that should be of interest to businessmen and women as well as to investors.

The Review also contains offerings of a selected list of Government, Municipal and Corporation Bonds, Preferred and Common Shares. These lists enable purchasers to make investment selections from different types of securities; and the prices shown are a handy aid in valuing investment holdings.

If you would like a copy of this Review, please write or phone for our

March Issue
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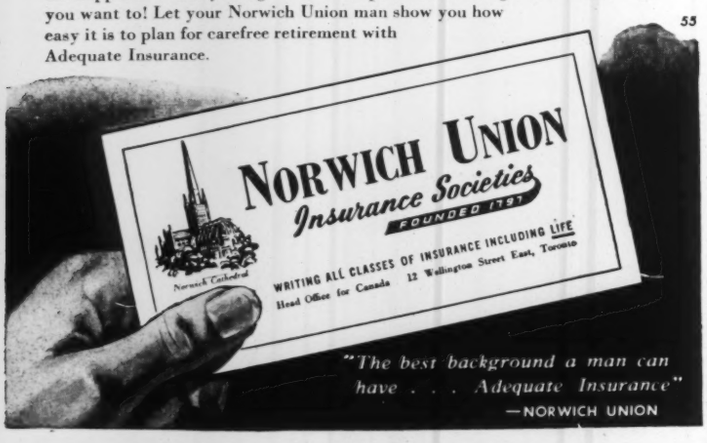
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A quarterly dividend of fifty cents per share has been declared payable on the 15th day of April, 1954 to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 15th day of March, 1954.

Montreal, Feb. 24, 1954.

S. C. Scadding
Secretary

Who's Who in Business

Ready for the Next Problem

By Bernard Taylor

HAROLD S. SHANNON, like many another company president, is no technician. But his Chatco Steel Products, Ltd., which employs 700 workers in four plants, is a company which seeks difficult technical assignments—"each time we are successful with a problem, we become better prepared to meet the next".

This aggressive policy produces results. Chatco's plant at Tilbury, Ontario, holds the largest sub-contract from A. V. Roe's aircraft division. It is for the production of rear fuselage and tail assemblies for the famed CF-100, Avro's all-purpose, all-weather, long-range jet fighter. To meet the contract, about 35 per cent of the plant's total factory space was converted.

Shannon's company has been busy on other defence work: anti-submarine projectiles for the Navy, and mechanical transport equipment for the Department of National Defence.

Chatco also turns out the complete assembly job on Hudson motor cars for Canada, truck bodies for Ford, instruments for Ferguson farming equipment, and such items as filing cabinets and blower-type heaters.

Gilbert Milne

HAROLD S. SHANNON

Harold S. Shannon, 55, was born and educated in London, Ontario. During the First World War he served in the Royal Flying Corps. His initial business experience was obtained with the Easy Washing Machine Company, where he advanced to general manager. He saw a chance to sell the machines on his own account, and took a franchise for Easy products. His "Easy Household Appliances Company" did reasonably well, with an emphasis on credit sales, until the depression wiped out its working capital.

In his subsequent quest for a new business interest and some fresh capital, someone suggested to him: "Why don't you go down Bay Street, Toronto? That's where all the big money is." Shannon took the hint, and landed in the brokerage business. This led him to a thorough grounding in corporate reorganization.

When the opportunity came in 1940 to buy control of Chatham Malleable and Steel Products, Ltd., Shannon, as the new president and general manager, put his managerial theories to the test in a manufacturing operation. The company changed its name, prospered, opened new operations and secured a high reputation for its work. The development of a high-skilled technical organization able to tackle a wide field of production continues as the basic policy.

Shannon works a long day from his administrative office in downtown Toronto, to which he drives from home in his blue Cadillac. He lives with his wife and 16-year-old daughter, Nancy, in a large house set in a rambling four acres on the outskirts of the city. His other daughter is Mrs. John MacGillivray.

The pride of "Shandell" is the stables, and the present pride of the stables is "Indiscretion", a mare which won the international championship for confirmation hunters at the last Royal Winter Fair. Shannon is an enthusiastic horseman, and is a director of Toronto's Eglinton Hunt Club.

To his leisure time Shannon applies the same thoroughness which typifies his business activities. When he has an evening at home his reading becomes a close study of current affairs and business trends. In summer, he is a competent outdoor chef. The barbecue installed on his lawn he claims is unique, the result of ideas collected from years of open-air cooking.

Shannon heads north to enjoy his other hobbies, hunting and fishing. He maintains a summer home on an island on Lake Temagami, and his regular vacations there have encouraged him to take more than the usual visitor's interest in the area.

Four years ago he bought a hotel —"so that I could do something to enhance the facilities of the district". He made a typical approach to the venture, completely modernizing the premises, coining a slogan, "Rest and refresh at the northland's best", and hand-picking the management. He also has an interest in a chartered air service which operates over the Temagami area.

Mixing business with pleasure? Not Harold Shannon. "When I go up north I go there to relax. There is no point in establishing good management and then not leaving it to get on with its business."

Insurance

Personal Liability

By William Sclater

THE OWNER OF a new home, in which he had invested his life-savings as a down payment, looked out of a window a little while ago and was horrified to see a small boy on top of a ladder which had been left leaning against the wall of the unfinished garage. The boy fell onto a pile of loose bricks and was seriously injured. When all the bills and legal claims were added up the home-owner's equity was wiped out and he was in debt for the balance.

In an era when more people are making, and spending, more money than ever before on housing, relaxation and other things; when a sliced golf ball, an airgun or bicycle in a child's hands, or a slippery step on your new home porch can bring you to bankruptcy, the amazing truth is that less than 10 per cent of the people who buy fire and auto insurance buy liability insurance against the common accidents that are among the greatest real hazards to security.

The law shuts a benign eye to trespass by small fry and does not hold them responsible for their wandering instincts or such things as contributory negligence. But it holds you responsible for such encouragements as "attractive nuisances" in the form of sand piles, loose bricks, dangling cords and garden hose untended on your premises within reach of exploring little hands.

There is excellent protection available against this type of responsibility at a cost that is only a fraction of what you pay for an auto policy. Known as the Comprehensive Personal Liability Policy, it is a modern form which combines many types of formerly separate liability protection in one instrument with a wide range of coverage.

It includes Dog Liability. Dogs do take the occasional bite, and some bites that claims have been paid on have cost from $12,000 to $20,000. Employer's Liability is in there, as well as Residence Liability, Sports Liability, Personal Liability and so on, and Payment of Damages, Investigation, Defence, Interest and Emergency First Aid Costs, Voluntary Compensation and Property Damage.

It is not expensive. As stated, you can buy a substantial amount of this coverage for a fraction of the costs of your auto policy. When you realize that such liability claims are often far more catastrophic than auto claims and that there are more, far more fatal and non-fatal accidents in the home than in autos or industry, you begin to appreciate not only the value but the peace of mind given by this coverage. Such accidents don't get much publicity, for most of them happen to ordinary people like you and me, but whether you live in a $25,000 home or a rented room, you're liable.

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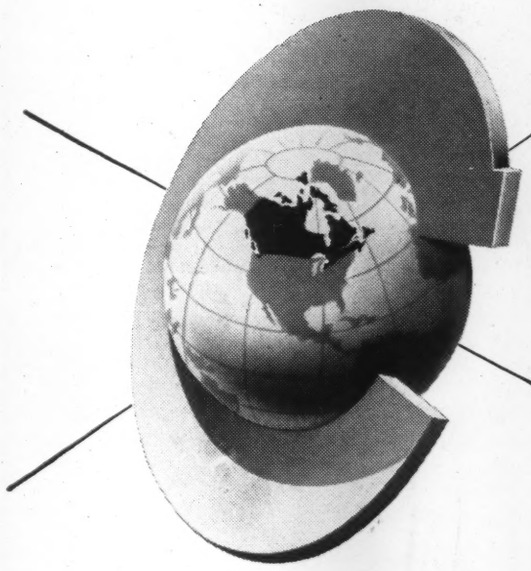

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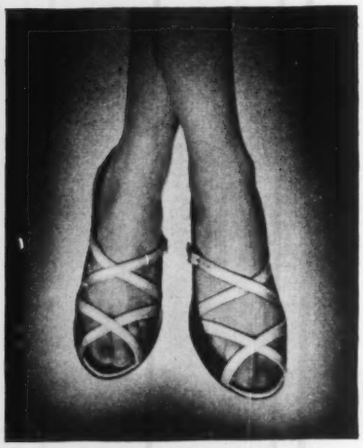

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Fashion

By Margaret Ness

ARE you suffering from the usual Spring fashion fever that can only be assuaged by buying something new? You started wearing your straw hat last month. And a new suit isn't quite warm enough, without a topcoat, for unpredictable March days. So that leaves only accessories to add zest to the season.

We dropped in to the Fashion Boutique at Simpson's Fashion Festival and found some novel and handsome items that, in one way or another, will have found their way into most specialty stores. The handbags seem to be getting larger again. Simpson's had a big "tote" style in gunmetal patent (patent seems to be coming back again, too) with an imitation tortoise shell frame that opened into a cavernous square (price: $22.50). You really can see into that bag; and not just thrust your hand in to grope blindly around for whatever you want. Those who have become deeply attached to the easy-to-handle "clutch" bag will like the new ones in cotton eyelet embroidery, in grey, tan and pastel shades (price: $9.50).

There were clutch straw handbags, too (price: $9.50) to carry over into summer. And you could match them up with straw collars ($2.25) in a Peter Pan style. The collars are made of natural straw braid with a whirligig edging of gold braid.

But newest, and definitely most intriguing, are the flower handbags. Artificial flower sprays are pressed between two layers of clear plastic, which forms one side of the handbag. It's a new version of last year's "See Through" plastic purses. This time, you see Spring flowers. One satchel style had four sides and the top had two openings on the edges (price: $22.50).

This is a flower year, and Coro has come out with flower earrings. If you are young, or if older but with a certain sophisticated look, you should have fun wearing these. They come in all colors and all sorts of flowers. They are reasonably priced, too, at about $1.00 a pair.

Of course you will want new gloves, in the slightly longer-than-wrist length. Simpson's had a smart pair in the new nude shade (so good to wear with any costume color) with appliqued flower petals (there are the Spring flowers again) across the wrist. These were by Louis Fischl (price: $5.95).

Italy is responsible for some beautiful lightweight scarves, to fill in open suit necklines. In pure silk gauze, they come in three-toned squares of white-grey-black or in browns (price: $2.25).

The pastel shades that are so popular this Spring have spilled over into hosiery, too. Gotham is showing lovely pale shades of mauve, yellow, pink and blue (price: $1.75). Shoes are another story altogether, that we will have to leave for a later time. But we did see an entertaining pair in Simpson's Boutique. These evening sandals were mere trifles of suede, with gold metal birdcage heels.

women

TWO *views of the 22' by 18' living-room in the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Paterson, Fort William, Ont., built about four years ago. The outside walls are of natural red brick, the other walls are an off-pink shade of terra cotta, and the floor is inlaid oak, covered by a dark green broadloom rug. The green and russet shades of the chesterfield and chairs blend in with the green of the drapes. In front of the large fireplace are the two blue plush stools used by the Patersons at the Coronation service in the Abbey. Mrs. Paterson appears in the photograph at right.*

Photos: Fryer Studio

Conversation Pieces:

MARCH was the first month of the new year until the Julian calendar was introduced in 46 B.C. and continued to be the beginning of the legal year in England until the 18th century. The birthstone for March is the aquamarine, which was believed to offer equal protection in the law courts and on the battlefield. Aquamarines are mined in Brazil, Madagascar and the U.S.

When Alderman Eunice Wishart headed the Port Arthur (Ont.) polls last January, she not only was the first woman to do so but it also gave her the honor of being the first woman to be chairman of the finance committee. The top vote-getter can pick his committee. Previously she worked on the tourist committee. Mrs. Wishart and her husband John live in the big old family home built by Mrs. Wishart's people over 70 years ago. On the next page are shown some photographs of the interior; the old-fashioned furniture is in keeping with the rooms, but in decided contrast to the modern ranch-style home of Mr. and Mrs. John Paterson, of Fort William, shown on this page.

We happened to run across *Poor Cedric's Almanac* (Doubleday, 1952) and were intrigued with one of the titbits. He lists this Tongue Twister, to be repeated four times:
Blue broadloom rug.

Montreal and Toronto women had a chance recently to see a Frenchman in action, cosmetically speaking. He was Guy Nicolet, from Elizabeth Arden's Paris salon, and his forte is make-up. "A paler make-up is best for evening," he says. "Just a discreet foundation and a pink rouge and lipstick. Then concentrate on making the eyes important." This is done by applying a white eye liner on the upper lid close to the lashes, then applying a dark blue eye shadow to the lid, with a lighter blue blended above it. Nicolet introduced Arden's new Gris Eye Pencil, a soft grey which, he pointed out, gives a softer look than the usual black pencil.

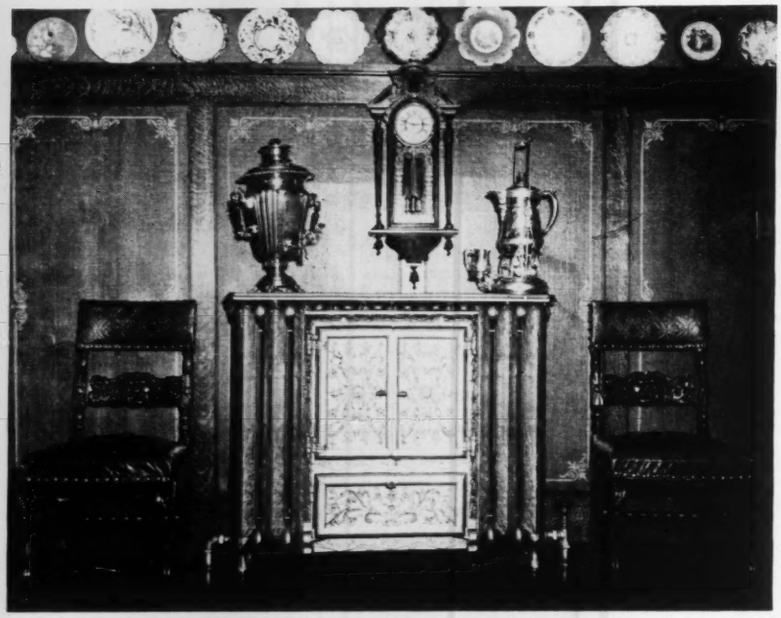
Fashion designer Pauline Trigère says her most precious culinary secret is "a dash of nutmeg in everything".

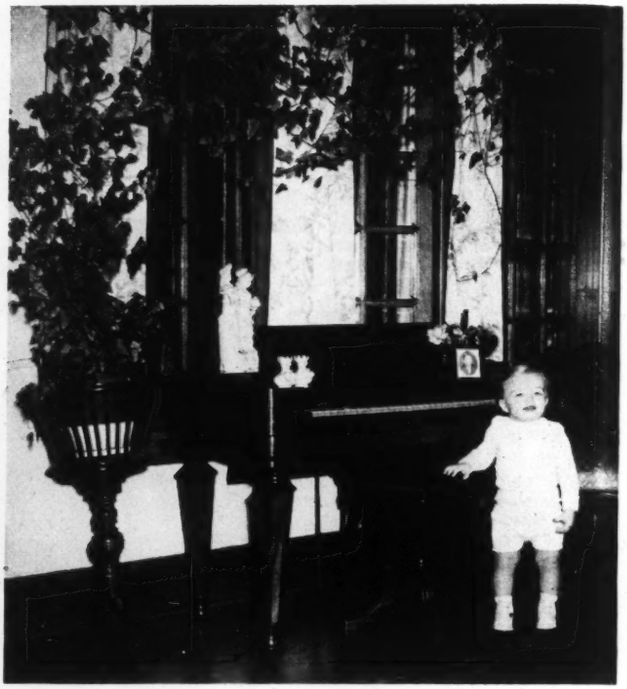
Waistlines aren't what they used to be, according to a Gossard designer. Earlier in the century, when corsets were tightly laced, the smallest waist measurement made was 19 inches. Today, few garment manufacturers make anything smaller than 25 inches.

Now that coffee is a luxury item, it seems quite fitting that a mink-covering for the coffee cup should be introduced in the Pump Room of Chicago's Ambassador Hotel.

Our Eastern sisters: Torontonians Harold ("Tiny") Norris, who is teaching in Malaya, and his wife Ruth relate that the Sultan of Perak has three regular wives and a fourth who is interchangeable. And in Egypt, according to Mrs. Maltilda Greiss, of Cairo, Moslem women who leave their husbands can be forced to return, if the husband wants them back. But a brighter report comes from Mrs. M. O. A. Baig, wife of Pakistan's High Commissioner to Ottawa. In her country the groom has to supply the dowry, by law and not by choice, and the bride can demand it in full before marriage or arrange to get it later. If later, and the husband has decided in the meantime he would like a divorce, he has to pay the dowry first.

THE HOME *in which Mr. and Mrs. John Wishart live is over 70 years old, and was built by Mrs. Wishart's family. It was the first house in Port Arthur (Ont.) to have hot water installation, and below is the radiator in the dining-room. It actually has a hot water serving closet in the centre, in which dishes and food can be kept hot before being served at the table. On the radiator, left, is a 50-cup silver tea urn and, right, an old silver fruit juice jug lined in white porcelain.*





STANDING *beside the 150-year-old rosewood melodeon is Mrs. Wishart's grandson, David Coupland. The melodeon belonged to Mrs. Wishart's grandfather, John Knight, who composed many of the familiar tunes in the old Methodist hymn book on this instrument. The ivory keys are rounded in front. At the left is a thriving ivy, some 35 or 40 years old, which is, Mrs. Wishart says, a great trial at housecleaning time.*

LIVING *in the old family home, Alderman Eunice (Mrs. John) Wishart, of Port Arthur, Ont., has kept the old furniture, too. The "parlor set" of seven pieces was the first shipped there by lake (no railroads then) and the chairs are still covered with the original deep red brocaded velvet. Photographed right is one end of the 40 foot by 20 foot living-room, with Mrs. Wishart seated on the love seat. In the photograph are two old brass tables, a French cabinet in green-gold bronze. The organ belonged to Mrs. Wishart's grandfather.*

Photos: Fryer Studio

COROLITE: *new featherweight "chunky" jewellery by Coro, in a bright gold color. The aluminum base makes for extreme lightness and Ann Hackett of Coro tells us that the finish won't tarnish, even if the jewellery is worn in swimming. Corolite includes earrings, necklaces and bracelets, in link and scroll designs.*

Photo: Ken Bell

• •

Call to Mind

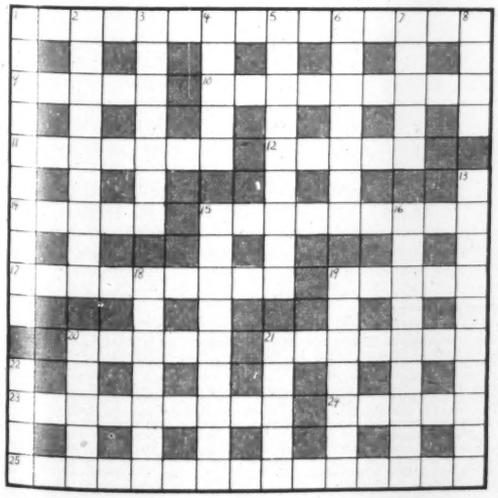
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. NOTION? It's questionable. (5,3,3,4)
9. In return I can get it for retail. (5)
10. It's still made to drink, but not in the dark! (9)
11. Not tonics, but it's on the level they'll keep you from getting run down. (7)
12. Man will, to be many. (5)
14. Steal a list of candidates. (5)
15. Hole in one? A geographical possibility in Africa. (9)
17. Are we so because he taxed us? (9)
19. It's good, but I'm making it bad. (5)
20. By which the wise men exceeded their life expectancy by thirty? (5)
21. The relation of the States to the sound in 4. (7)
23. Sees twins, like those who bear one of these. (9)
24. I am in the majority. (5)
25. They say there is, excepting thirteen. (6,2,7)

DOWN

1. One who is, should get himself a divining rod. (4-6)
2. Are these hunters in name only? (9)
3. Water-pilot who stays on top? (7)
4. Not "The Good Earth" of which Pearl Buck wrote. (5)
5. How Chesterton's detective looked for Susan? (9)
6. Are they more effusive when well oiled? (7)
7. Her day is ruined. (5)
8. A wedding without the sound of bells. (4)
13. Channels by which men of letters get employment? (4, 6)
15. The island was against the price I set down. (9)
16. Tail-less 9 and headless 14 could change to suggest one, it is told. (9)
18. Surprised to find a gnu can carry a tune, though badly pitched. (7)
19. Certainly not the most an anagram of 14 may suggest. (7)
20. If Tom composes it, it will be an outstanding theme. (5)
21. Sounds like a cockney may wash in one, animal-like. (5)
22. Hoot mon! They're the last word in fingerbowls. (4)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1, 11, 4, 22. It will all come out in the wash 10. Observe
12. Science 13. Ringer
15. See 15 down
16. Egon
17. Saucy
19. Unman
21. Noel
22. See 1 across
25. Scrubs
26. Avowals
29. Boiling
31. Electra
32. Sten guns
33. Monday

DOWN

1. Irons
2, 20 Washing machine
3. Larynx
5. Una
6. Idleness
7. Thoreau
8. Even
9. Detergents
13. Rinse water
14. Myth
15, 15 across. Blue bags
18. Enduring 20. See 2
23. Adapted 24. Bolero
27. Soapy 28. Ibis
30. Gin (304)

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Letters

Crashing Boredom

TO THOSE who lament, or disdain the inattention of the uncultured multitude to the BBC's Third Programme or our own Wednesday Night, and who hug their own intellectual superiority to their bosoms, I venture most respectfully to commend the verdict of Aristotle on popular acclaim or rejection of what is offered to it . . . that while the judgment of the individual may be, and often is, mistaken that of the *demos* is right. . .

As one who has listened since its inception to Wednesday Night, the conclusion has long been forced upon me that the rule followed by its directors is a simple one. If there is a play which no manager in his senses will produce, it is suitable for inclusion. Find a forgotten eighteenth century composer or a modern one no orchestra will play, and that is the stuff to feed to Wednesday Nighters. The result is crashing boredom.

I once considered recommending to the CBC production of Samuel Johnson's *Irene* as being the dullest tragedy ever written. Second thoughts prevented me doing so, when I reflected they might very probably do so, and the result would be too dreadful to contemplate.

Lennoxville, Que. H. MICHELL

Adult Approach

IT IS GOOD to have someone with the discernment of Anthony West discuss the plays of Anouilh. It is perfectly natural that American critics who saw in *The Moon Is Blue* an "adult" approach to sex and therefore could praise the antics of this adolescent miss to the skies are going to be thrown back on their haunches when they come up against such a real, though decidedly uncomfortable, approach to the subject as Anouilh presents in either *Colombe* or *Ardèle*.

Montreal RENE LAJOIE

Canadian Studies

I WAS quite surprised to see the "Canadian Studies" article.

The "typewritten list, single spaced and 17 pages long", turns out to be (by my estimates) only 300 to 400 theses, over a seven-year period. This means that in the entire U.S.A. only approximately fifty doctorate theses on Canadian topics were produced each year. This is little better than one per state.

According to the "World Almanac" for 1953 published by the New York *World Telegram and Sun*, 7,338 doctorate degrees were awarded in 1950-51 alone. (Earned degrees conferred in higher educational institutions '50-51, Page 567.) The United States Office of Education should be able to give some interesting data on the number of Canadian students studying in post-graduate work in the United States on American scholarships and otherwise. My guess is that a good percentage of these 300 to 400 doctorates were given to Canadians—who naturally would choose Canadian subjects. . .

Hamilton, Ont. JIM THOMSON

Quebec Minorities

IN THE "Letter from Montreal" by Hugh MacLennan discussing the ban against showing in our Province the *Martin Luther* picture, the following statement appears: "Protestants in Quebec live here by choice, not by compulsion. While Montreal Protestants dislike this Catholic decision, we realize that in a democratic society, the will of the majority must be accepted."

If your contributor means by the first part of such statement that Protestants who object to what is going on in the Province of Quebec should move out, he overlooks the vitally important contribution which has been made to the Province of Quebec and to Canada by Protestants and other non-Roman Catholic citizens living in the Province of Quebec ever since Canada became a British land. . .

Even in a democratic society the minority is not obliged to accept without protest the will of the majority if the majority is obviously wrong. Minorities throughout history nearly always have been more helpful, more effective and more intelligent than majorities in bringing about improvements. . .

The Quebec Board of Cinema Censors is appointed to serve the people of the Province of Quebec, not the Roman Catholics exclusively. Its members are paid by the taxpayers of the Province. Protestants and other non-Roman Catholics pay a very important share of taxation in the Province of Quebec but are not represented on the Quebec Board of Cinema Censors. The Board has refused even to discuss with the Greater Montreal Council of Churches, a most representative body, the banning of the film *Martin Luther*.

Montreal IRVING P. REXFORD

Of Many Things

I SEE YOU THINK the open fireplace of no great use in giving out heat. I beg to disagree with your claim—I have an open fireplace and find when it is burning I get quite sufficient heat; in fact it heats my living room which is about 24 feet by 12 feet. While the fireplace is burning I turn the furnace to low or even off completely, thus saving oil. So I feel your article . . . (is) misleading.

King, Ont. J. P. USSHER

IF YOU LIKE good music I hope you *do* hear WQXR sometime! True, their advertising is just as nauseating as that of any other station but it's not so frequent and you get hours of classical music. . . How I wish we could have one station like that here, especially on Saturday nights when, from all the Canadian stations, one hears nothing but the raucous voices of hockey announcers!

Elmvale, Ont. (MISS) A. BURTON

FOILED in their drive to impose the check-off on the mining industry, Ontario labor leaders now plan to put enough pressure on the Provincial Government to force it to impose the check-off by law on all industry in the Province . . . This is a remarkable piece of evidence that the union officials cannot collect the dues themselves . . . Or it may be that they do not want their members to take too much of an interest in union affairs . . .

Toronto FRASER HEMPHILL

A SURPRISING variety of theology is currently described as religion. Enacting laws to suppress theological controversy will almost certainly react to the further decline of institutional religion, something not desired by the proponents of censorship.

It is a sad commentary on the degree of our vaunted freedom of expression in 1954 that we are subjected to far more rigid regulation in the matter of freedom of theological expression than were Celsus, Athenagoras and Origen in the reign of Marcus Aurelius, circa A.D. 177.

What the cause of religion needs badly today, I think, is the enthusiasm generated by a few colorful figures. . .

Chambly, Que. R. H. BABBAGE

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